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Freedom and Authority in the Modern World

The Race-Idol of Nazi Germany

By H. POWYS GREENWOOD

I JUST after the Nazi revolution I was asked to take part in one of the torchlight processions the Nazis delighted in at that time. It was rather fun. We were about 15,000, formed in fours of course, and with torches in our hands we marched for at least three miles. People kept on Heil Hitlering us along the way and we heiled back. The idea was to salute Goebbels on the balcony of his flat, but he didn't turn up. However, the procession cheerfully turned round and when it got back to the district from which it started dispersed to various cafés for much-needed refreshment. I went with a number of young Brownshirts to their usual resort. We drank a great deal of excellent beer and talked until the small hours.

Now the point I want to make to you is that although they had been ordered to go on this procession those lads felt free. One of them actually said that at last the struggle for freedom had been won. They could march about and wave flags as much as they liked. No more fights with the police, who at one time used to strip off the brown shirts and top boots they loved. And they were going to make Germany free, too, to shake off the fetters of the Versailles Treaty. That was why they were doing innumerable rather useless military exercises with immense enthusiasm. They were no longer unemployed youths kicking their heels with nothing to do. Although they hadn't got jobs yet and were mostly still living on a dole of about 5s. a week, they were quite sure that under Hitler's leadership they were going to build a better world without Jews and Commun-

ists, Social Democrats and other sub-human creatures. They were certainly happy.

Now, I think it was the great Athenian statesman Pericles who said that to be happy is to be free. In other words, freedom means different things to different people, and still more to different nations.

But we mustn't forget the Communists, Social Democrats and Jews who have had such a bad time in Nazi Germany. What about their freedom? As for the Communists and Social Democrats—the answer is that they have none. They have been 'liquidated', to use that wonderful word invented by the Russians. Those who continued to attack the fundamentals of the Nazi State were put into prison or concentration camps and underwent treatment deliberately calculated to break their spirit. In the past the treatment was sometimes so bad that people died as a result. That is now rarely or never the case. But in Nazi Germany as in Soviet Russia, nobody is allowed to attack or to try to change the system of Government.

That is perhaps the most essential feature of the three revolutionary dictatorships which have been set up since 1917—Russia, Italy and Germany. As a matter of fact the political system in each is extraordinarily similar. There is the same emphasis on what Professor Ernest Barker has called the 'group idol' rather than on the individual—although the Russians call their idol the Proletariat, the Fascists the State, and the Germans the Race. There is the same dictator, the leader who has emerged through the Revolution, like Lenin or Hitler or Mussolini, or captured

the party machine like Stalin. There is the same intense group activity, with marching, processions, banners, the same regimentation of youth, the same militarism, the same enthusiastic effort on the part of millions of young idealists, yes and old idealists, too, the same controlled and docile Press, the same ubiquitous and efficient Secret Police, and as I said, above all the same ruthless liquidation of opponents.

Probably the best way to get at the difference between these States is to look at the question of who was liquidated.

As Dr. Miller has told us, in their pursuit of what is undoubtedly a great aim, the socialist classless state, the Russians have liquidated or are liquidating all former exploiters—aristocrats, private industrialists, private traders, rich peasants and others. They have shown that it is possible to wipe out entirely what the Communists call the 'bourgeoisie', that is to say, what we in England would call the upper, middle, and lower-middle

classes. That does not mean that they were all killed—although something like two millions are admitted to have lost their lives in the Revolution and the Civil War which followed. But the whole economic and social basis of their existence has been removed and they have neither freedom nor hope.

Now I have talked so much about Russia because what happened there has had an immense, yes, I think a decisive effect on events in Germany, indeed on Italy and all over Central Europe too. There the middle classes made up their minds that they would do anything in the world rather than allow that sort of thing to happen to them.

I lived in Germany from 1925 to 1931 under the Republic. The Communists did not seem on the face of it to be much of a danger, although I don't quite know what people in England would think if we had between 50 and 100 Communists in Parliament taking orders from the Moscow International. But the real trouble was that the whole social structure had been undermined. Middle and upper classes felt as though they were living on a sort of social volcano. As soon as the present economic blizzard began and things got worse, people used to ask each other anxiously whether there might not be a Communist revolt the next winter.

National Socialism is really a sort of middle-class Bolshevism. The Bolsheviks hope to create a proletarian—that is to say a working-class—State, by liquidating the bourgeoisie. The Nazis want to make a middle-class State by liquidating the proletariat. (I believe somebody was once sent for a spell in a concentration camp for calling

a member of the Nazi Party a proletarian. That was extraordinarily significant.) The basic social idea of National Socialism is to do away with the very conceptions of bourgeoisie and proletariat, and with the idea of the class war which is based upon them. They want to destroy the whole idea of working-class solidarity and to merge the working-classes into what they call the folk community.

In order to do this the Nazis liquidated not the working-classes themselves, but all the working-class leaders whose political creed was based upon the proletarian idea. They destroyed the Communist and Social Democratic movements, both of which advocated the Marxian class war.

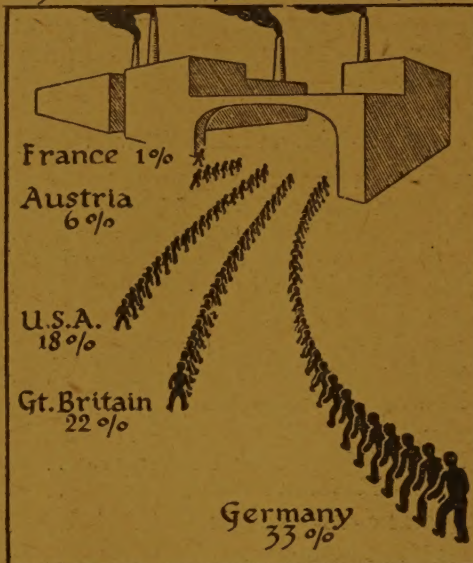
Now the reason why the Bolshevik Revolution took such an enormous toll of life and suffering as compared with the Nazi Revolution has nothing to do with the brutality of the Bolsheviks as compared with that of the Nazis. Both were equally ruthless in the pursuit of their aims. But the Bolsheviks had to liquidate whole classes of the community while the Nazis merely had to liquidate political leaders—a much easier job. You may ask: why did they liquidate the Jews as well, or at any rate deprive them of much of their freedom?

The answer to that question leads us to the second vital feature of Nazi doctrine. There have been plenty of Absolutist States in the past which did not brook opposition. Their rulers demanded obedience from their subjects, and got it more or less. But the Nazi State—and I think this is also true of the Soviet and Fascist States—demands more. Hitler once openly repudiated the idea that he wanted mere obedience. He wanted active co-operation. 'My movement', he said once, 'conceives Germany as a

single organism. Within this organic entity there is no irresponsibility, no single cell which is not responsible with its existence for the progress and good of the community. In my philosophy there is no room whatever for the "unpolitical person".'

In other words, every German is to serve the group idol which in the case of Nazi Germany is

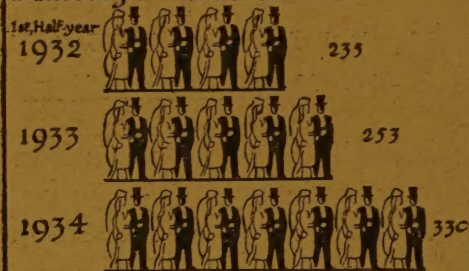
Percentage Decrease in Unemployment from Nov. 1932 to Nov. 1933



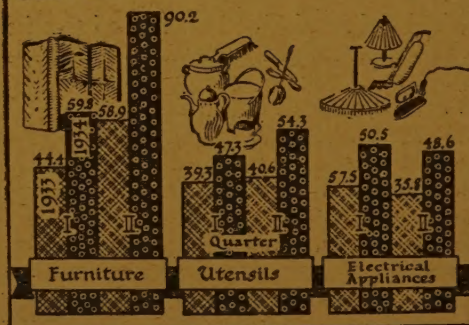
The pictorial diagrams reproduced with this talk (with the original wording translated) are taken from the series of booklets issued monthly by the Zentralverlag, Berlin, to illustrate political, industrial and cultural developments in Nazi Germany

Marriage Makes Work

Marriages (in thousands)



Sales rose



the racial folk. The purpose of human life should not be the pursuit of individual happiness or freedom, but happiness, freedom and greatness for the racial folk community. The individual should find his self-expression in service and sacrifice for the community of all those of German blood living and to be born.

The difference between this and the Fascist idea discussed by Dr. Finer last week lies in the emphasis on the racial tie of blood rather than on citizenship of the State. The race idea in Germany has a long history due largely to the political divisions into which the German people were split up and to the way they were scattered through the world. They felt the need of some common tie, some idea transcending political sovereignty, some conception which would unite in spirit Germans in Austria, Bohemia, and even in Africa and America.

Effects of Explosive Bomb



"Therefore Build an Air-Raid Shelter" **We Build an Air-Raid Shelter**

fair-haired Nordics. Therefore if you want to improve the race the best way to do it is to see that your Nordic blood remains as pure as possible and that your Nordic elements breed intensively. The joke is that there are comparatively few pure Nordics among the German people at all.

The second idea is that of anti-Semitism. Now in Central and Eastern Europe the Jews have always been disliked for various reasons, some comprehensible, some not, and they were unpopular in Germany after the War*. National Socialism has used this anti-Semitism and made it a sort of symbol of the racial folk conception. It excludes Jews from the racial group, from the folk community, on the grounds that they belong to another race, a non-Aryan race, as the Nazis put it. Although their position is improving, they remain half and half citizens without full rights. And I am afraid this is unlikely to change for many years. You see, the Nazis have made the Jews, with the Social Democrats and the Communists, the scapegoat for all the miseries which led to the Revolution and their exclusion the symbol of the new unity and hope. They have given the depressed and

Clear the Loft



These diagrams show how the German householder is encouraged to take precautions against the possibility of air-raids

The racial folk conception which has now swept over them with the cosmic force of a new religion has for generations been associated with two other ideas. The first is what we may call the Nordic myth. It is not very important and is discredited by most scientists. Briefly, it is that the virtues of the human race are chiefly concentrated in

hopeless German masses a superiority complex at the Jew's expense, just as the Russian masses were given a superiority complex at the capitalist's expense. Every great movement seems to need a sort of personal devil.

Now I want to touch briefly on the economic and social aspects of the Revolution.

There is a very common idea that the Nazi movement in Germany was a trick played by wicked capitalists to enslave the toiling masses. Certainly a number of capitalists or business leaders did help to finance the Nazis. I knew one who did. He always used to tell me that he did it as a sort of insurance. He felt National Socialism was better than Communism, and also more likely to win. So perhaps his money might prove a good investment. But as far as my experience goes nearly all the big business men and those with power, wealth or place to lose were frightened to death of the Nazis before they came into power, and are still frightened today. As one of the biggest industrialists in Germany—a man who is supporting Hitler—once said privately, every nation has its own kind of Bolshevism. That was how he felt about National Socialism.

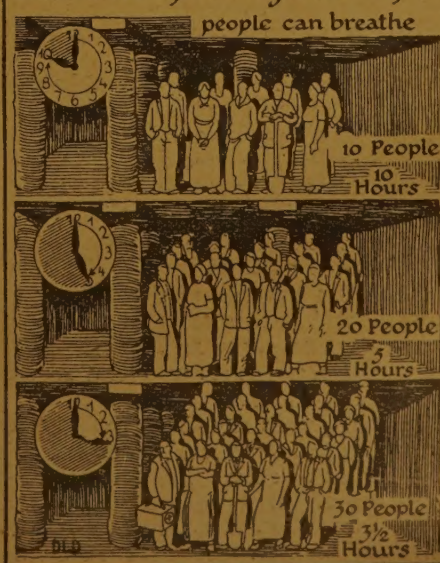
In a democratic capitalist country like England, the possession of wealth brings with it a great deal of freedom and power. The directors of a company or the owners of a business can take their decisions within reason more or less as they like. If

they are successful in making money they can distribute it as they wish subject only to shareholders' control. In Germany they cannot. Although the State does not own their business, it controls it very severely. They, that is to say the business leaders, may be asked to take on more men to relieve unemployment or to invest their money in some enterprise regarded as of national importance. They may not pay a dividend of more than eight per cent.—any profits above that amount must be invested in Government securities, to help pay for the vast work schemes for the unemployed. Indeed the Nazi principle laid down by Hitler—that capital should be made to serve the State—really is being put into force.

And in Germany itself a new style of life is developing, a new social tone. People are ashamed of ostentatious spending. The luxurious night life of Berlin, so famous in the feverish years after the War, is practically dead.

How big must an Air-Raid Shelter be?

In a room with 100 cub.m. capacity without ventilation the following number of



People feel awkward about showing their wealth, even if they have money. The other day I heard of a leading director of the famous Dye Trust, who had sold his two luxury cars because he had no longer the face to step into them outside his office.

Further, as soon as a man begins to make money, the local Nazis get to know of it

*For fuller treatment of this subject see *The German Revolution*. By H. Powys Greenwood. Routledge, 12s. 6d.

and increase their pressure upon him to assist their various activities. He is expected, too, to increase bonuses to his staff or to take more people on. If his business is a large one there is a Nazi Party 'cell' and a works council in it, which according to all accounts I have heard, both from the capitalist and the workers' side, is likely to be much more effective in obtaining concessions than the old councils and trades unions were in the past.

The German capitalist today has thus very little freedom. What of the workers? In Germany, as in Russia, manual work is continually exalted and surrounded by an atmosphere of social respect and honour. The Nazis are making great efforts to win over the workers and are continually telling them that they are the new aristocracy. Last summer a nobleman was sent to a concentration camp for objecting to a placard put up by a tradesman to the effect that 'work is the only true nobility'. A great deal is being done to provide better housing, sports grounds and health services, although these were good before the Nazis came into power. There is a leisure-hours movement with the delightful name of 'Strength through Joy'. It is modelled on the Italian *Dopolavoro* and provides free or very cheap holidays for workers, educational and amusement films, plays and all kinds of entertainment and uplift. But the standard of living is below that in this country, and both workers and their trades unions, now called the Labour Front, are completely subject to governmental policy. State Trustees determine wages, hours and conditions of work, and both strikes and lock-outs are illegal.

Although there are still contrasts in Germany between poverty and great wealth, the kind of snobbishness which is based on money values really is disappearing, particularly among the young. Just above I said that people rather tend to be ashamed of wealth. The son of a wealthy friend of mine prefers to conceal his father's position from his comrades in the Hitler Youth Movement. Another said that the better-off boys in his school—all boys go to the same schools in Germany—had agreed not to wear their overcoats because some of the poor boys had not got any.

As Dr. Miller said, with that kind of snobbishness disappear many real hindrances to human freedom. Indeed there can be no doubt that the Nazis are aiming at something not so very different from the Communist classless State, only they prefer to call it the folk community. A great effort is being made to break down class barriers. That is one of the main ideas of the various Nazi organisations, like Storm Troops, Labour Camps, and the like. All university students are compelled to go to labour camps and expected to join the Storm Troops, where they will often find themselves under the orders of somebody from the working or lower-middle classes. A good many older people have done the same and I shall never forget the enthusiasm of an elderly and eminent civil servant for the working-class leader of his reserve Storm Troop.

But this aim of the Nazis to create what I call a social synthesis is to be achieved without abolishing private property or the family regarded as a hereditary institution. That is where the middle-class character of National Socialism comes in. The peasants, clerks, artisans, shopkeepers, minor officials, schoolmasters, and so on, who form the backbone of the Nazi movement, feel that they have been raised out of the ruck by their own exertions or those of their forefathers. They do not believe that everybody is equal, or that all families are equal. They believe in differing rewards for talent and enterprise. And those of the working classes who have gone over to National Socialism, that is to say, the vast majority, accept that belief. One ex-Communist house-painter said that he looked to the movement to make it possible for him to meet his

employer out of hours on an equal social footing, while enabling him, had he the ability, to work himself up for his own benefit and for that of future generations of his family.

One of the most striking things about the new Germany is of course its intense militant nationalism. There can be no doubt that the loss of the War, and the post-War treatment of Germany, was largely responsible for the Nazi movement. The Germans really felt that their nation was in bondage. Thus Hitler was able to tell them that the first thing to do was to set the German people free, even if that meant a sacrifice of personal freedom through submission to a sort of universal military discipline. Through discipline the German people would become strong and regain its lost power and prestige.

Discipline for the individual, freedom for the nation, are the keynotes of National Socialism. They are the very basis of the political system which the Germans are gradually hammering out. It is extraordinarily difficult to say what the Constitution really is. Nominally the old Republican Constitution is still in form. The Nazis say they are not going to produce a new written Constitution at all, but intend rather to work it out little by little, instancing England as an example.

In practice all sovereign powers—executive, legislative, and even judicial—seem to be vested in the Leader or *Führer*, that is to say Hitler, who has declared his intention of getting that authority confirmed every year by direct appeals to the people. There have already been two such plebiscites, at each of which an overwhelming majority was secured. Voting is by secret ballot, and I was able to satisfy myself by personal observation that it really was secret. On the other hand, no opposition is allowed and all the tremendous resources of

Nazi propaganda are used to influence the electors. None the less, it may, I suppose, be said that in the last resort sovereignty proceeds from the people.

Once the leader is elected, all the appointments in the State and the Nazi Party are made by him or his representatives. The elections to the Reichstag were a pure farce. The Reichstag has no power, and the electors could only accept or reject the nominated Nazi list. In Germany there are absolutely no democratic elections as we understand them. The Nazi Party is the only political party allowed. But even the rank and file of the Party have little or no power—their leaders are appointed from above. The only thing is that they have greater freedom than non-Nazis to grumble and criticise. Since they are more or less a cross-section of the nation, they do keep the leaders in touch with the masses of the people.

The Nazi Party fulfils the same function as the Communist Party in Russia and the Fascist Party in Italy. It is supposed to provide the political élite. The theory is that the broad masses neither can nor should, nor even want, to govern. They must be led. And I don't think we ought to forget that this idea of Government by a specially chosen élite has the respectable authority of Plato behind it.

It all depends, of course, on whether your élite are well chosen or not. There can be no doubt that the Nazis are making a great effort to draw good men from all classes and to train them to be leaders. That is one of the main purposes of their innumerable organisations. From the time when the boy or girl of six joins the Young Folk and is put under the authority of a boy or girl of ten, to the time when he enters through Storm Troops and Labour Camps into adult life, he is being trained on lines which are an exaggerated version of the prefectorial system in force at our public schools.

There is another important factor in this matter of education. In theory at any rate, the young men of Germany are being taught to accept a certain political and social system

Where did they go?



without question. Anybody who does question it is looking for trouble. Obedience is, as it were, being manufactured. Won't this tend to destroy initiative and independent thought? This is a serious danger. I think it would be an ever greater danger if it was not for the fact noted by Vernon Bartlett—that nobody is agreed on what National Socialism really is. It is certainly not a neat logical doctrine like Communism. It is a vague yearning, a sort of vision of a new world, or rather many visions. Thus although the young men of Heidelberg and Bonn do not discuss the relative merits of Communism and Capitalism like the young men of Oxford, they argue, I should say, with even greater enthusiasm about what National Socialism is or ought to be.

There is one thing I want to stress above all else. It is that Germany is still in the midst of a very fundamental revolution, social and economic as well as political. You feel it in the air

over there, a sort of hot drumming vitality. You see it in the set, earnest faces of the Brownshirts and Blackshirts assembled on any great occasion. They are making a revolution. In that revolution everything is swiftly changing. Nothing is fixed and settled like many things in England.

Mr. Cruttwell told us last autumn that, unless you have a certain agreement in principle among parties upon the political, social and economic structure, no system of Government can really work. That agreement did not exist in Germany after the War. I want to suggest that revolutions always occur when the old structure breaks down and that their function is to create a new one. And in doing so they always show ruthlessness; they always 'liquidate'; they always take away freedom. Then gradually, when the new structure becomes generally accepted, freedom develops once more. May we not hope that that will take place in Germany?

Suburbs or Satellites?

Part of a Discussion between G. M. BOUMPHREY, JOHN CADBURY and Two Witnesses

G. M. BOUMPHREY: Towards the end of the last century, there had grown up a strong feeling in England that the towns were evil and unhealthy—as they were—and that the best thing to do was to get as many people as possible out into the country and put them in houses built at twelve to the acre. That was a typical bit of English hypocrisy! 'The towns are evil and unhealthy—but we won't cure them—we'll whitewash them and our consciences by building garden suburbs round them. Of course, people will still have to go on living in the towns, and of course the country will be still further out of *their* reach. But we'll forget about them and only look at our beautiful new suburbs'. The idea was a great success and caught on all over the world. It still goes on. Next to London, Birmingham is the worst example I know. Birmingham has been so busy building and admiring its new suburbs and suburban roads that it has hardly had time to do anything about the evil and unhealthy conditions in its centre—except when it's been forced on it by the slum-clearance campaign.

JOHN CADBURY: No, Birmingham has not had much time; building 40,000 houses for nearly a quarter of a million people is no small achievement. It is *now* devoting its attention to clearing the slums and also building a new civic centre on some dilapidated property.

BOUMPHREY: It's a bit late. We're just beginning to realise where this policy of unlimited suburban development has led us. We have surrounded all our towns with a thick, inefficient fringe of suburbs that costs us millions of pounds a year by clogging the traffic, on which we're more and more dependent (it costs us thousands of lives, too). We've put the country hopelessly out of walking distance of the town-child who needs it most, and we've dirtied still more the air he breathes. Hundreds of thousands of people spend almost half of their leisure lives, and far too much of their income, in quite useless travelling to and from their work—clogging the traffic still more. Towns miles apart are beginning to merge into each other. Real country is becoming harder and harder to find. We are treating our countryside as so much waste space—to be drawn on freely whenever the towns want more room. But the country *isn't* waste-land; it's one of our most valuable raw materials. It may surprise you to learn that the average agricultural labourer adds as much *new* money to the national income each year as the average industrial worker. And the country is valuable, not only as a raw material of agriculture, but also as a place of restfulness and recreation for all of us.

CADBURY: I quite agree with you that the country is a very valuable asset and we must not on any account allow it to be spoilt or ruined by haphazard building—ribbon development and the wasteful development of frontages while back land is just allowed to go out of cultivation. But that does not say that a well-planned and ordered suburb has not a lot to be said for it. The ideal might well be that everyone should live in the country; but as that may not be, there is no reason why you shouldn't bring a little country into the towns. I do not call it a waste of land to give a man his own house and garden,

where he can feel that it is his own to do with as he wishes, and where at least he can have more than enough fresh air around him. On the question of health alone, I can't believe that a family is going to live as healthy a life in the fifth storey of a block of flats, with all the open spaces imaginable round them, as in a small house with its own garden.

BOUMPHREY: Wait a minute. I haven't mentioned flats yet! I agree, of course, that life in a suburb must be healthier than in a present-day town, but you haven't taken into account the two or three hours of unhealthy travelling the bread-winners must take, nor the effect on health of the drain on their income for fares.

My other points, the evil of leaving the towns alone, the inefficiency from a town's point of view of having a thick fringe of suburbs round it, the danger of the towns merging, are unanswerable. The question is whether there isn't some alternative form of growth to suburban development that will satisfy us both. I want your fresh air and gardens just as much as you do—but I want to try and cure some of the evils of suburban development as well. The answer seems to me to be satellite towns—self-contained offshoots where the inhabitants would work as well as live. They must be at least ten miles away from the parent city, with real country between, and they must never be allowed to grow beyond a certain size—or we should have all the same old town evils repeating themselves.

CADBURY: If your satellite is not going to be a Garden City I suppose you want people to live in a restricted space, go upwards, in fact, instead of sideways—you won't be able to tell which is factory and which block living-quarters, because your factories will be well built and well-planned. Give me a garden satellite any time, in spite of its lack of appeal in the way of mass architecture.

BOUMPHREY: I say, you are determined to thrust flats on me, aren't you! Of course, it can be a Garden City, though I hope it may be possible in time to make them rather more pleasant to look at. The point is that the satellite form of development does avoid most of the evils of suburban development; and it can give the advantages of suburban life that we both want.

CADBURY: Good, and I am glad it can be a garden satellite, but I still see great difficulties in the way. There are a hundred and one things such as good transport facilities, water, gas, and electricity, at reasonable rates, which you must guarantee before you begin. Aren't you taking a lot for granted to expect 10,000 people to move into a town almost at one go? Human nature is a curious thing: people in this country do like to stick to their native soil. There will be the financial difficulty as well, because you cannot build your factory first and get it running without anybody living near at hand: and you can't get people to live in a town where there is no work. The worker, too, is rather cramped if he is limited in the number of possible places of employment, which is always a trouble in a small town.

BOUMPHREY: Ten thousand was *your* figure. I should say about fifty thousand was the best maximum for a satellite town. That gives you a fair-sized labour pool. I don't pretend it is an easy thing to found one. It needs careful planning, but Letchworth did it—Manchester is doing it now at Wythenshaw. And if it is proved that satellites are the best alternative to your wasteful suburban development, it will have to be done more and more.

CADBURY: If you could only develop them slowly, I think there would be a better chance of success. A suburb you can develop slowly because it is dependent in many ways on the city.



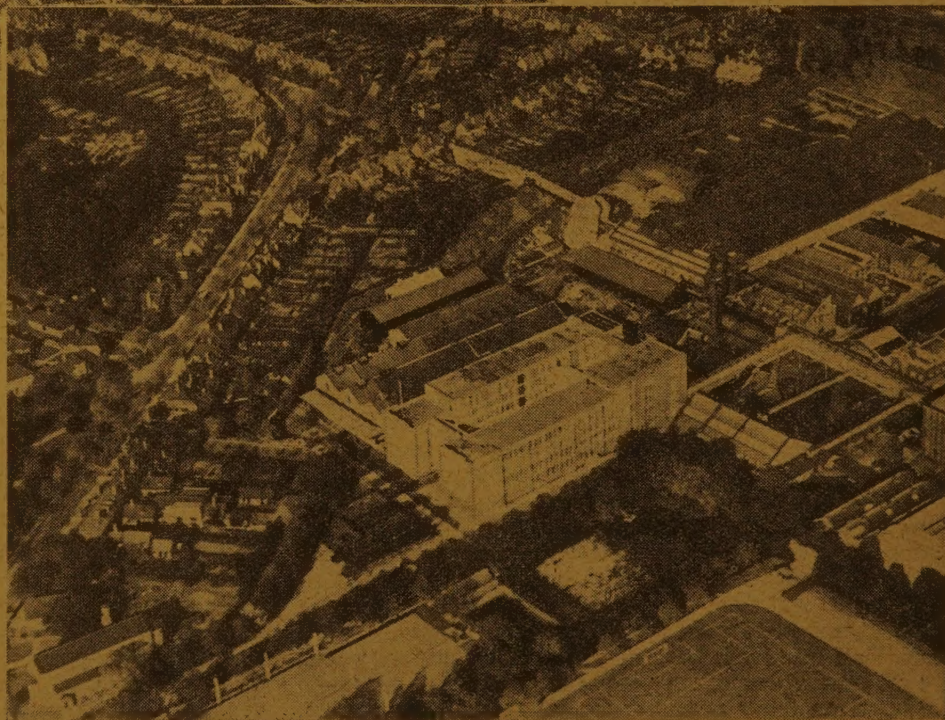
A suburb that has grown out of the city: the worker divided from his work by a train journey

Services are available and can be extended as required, and the city also will supply the employment for its inhabitants. My ideal suburb would certainly grow slowly, so that at least it would not be built all on the same pattern, though the general lay-out must have been thought out and planned at the very beginning. First and foremost the houses have to be well-designed and planned, according to their position, so that the best use is made of the natural features of the land. It is no good putting the front room in front if that faces north—you have to turn the house round so that the scullery, etc., face the road and the north. Privacy, too, has to be guarded, and the distance between the windows of the houses must be such that one cannot easily overlook the other. I should have no fancy work in the houses, either—plain red bricks, and none of your sham half-timbered effects or stuccoed bay-windows. If they are comfortable, plain and rightly-proportioned, they will not be unsightly. I shall have in my suburb open spaces, not in a lump but running right through, so that they may become part and parcel of the whole. You want some method of getting from one part to another, other than walking on the pavement. Also, of course, if there is a big arterial road there will be no houses directly on it. I should hope that there is some water somewhere, because nothing has a greater fascination for children of all ages than water, and it makes an excellent centre for your community. There should also be playing-fields in parkways, and facilities for other games such as bowls and tennis, but these would have to be run by clubs open to all resi-

dents. You do not want to lay these parkways in too formal a manner, but leave the trees standing as they stood when the land was country. All houses, of course, will have gardens—not so large as to become a burden, but varying, not only according to the size of house but so that anyone who wants a big garden may have it. These gardens would be dug ready for the occupier when he moves in. Shops should be in reasonable reach of the houses, in several groups, rather than in one centre a long way off. An adequate school there must be, as well as churches and chapels with their church halls. A library in a central position, and most certainly a sizeable hall available for dances, amateur dramatics, and so on. I think we might include a cinema, but not a theatre. I think you can depend upon the city to provide that for you. Transport facilities must be good, both to the city and to any other centres of employment, which should be near at hand, or perhaps the suburb should be near them, so that the minimum of time is lost in travelling, and in an hour's lunch interval a man can get home to dinner if he so wishes. As a matter of fact, employment should be near enough to walk to, or at least to reach by a short bicycle ride.

BOUMPHREY: But that is just exactly what you *can't* have. If the town is as small as all that there's no great objection to suburbs: it would only be the size of a satellite itself. It's the big towns that are the trouble.

CADBURY: Well, supposing that



A suburb deliberately planned: the factory brought to the worker

state of affairs is impossible. I have a sneaking regard for a tube-train service. A tube-train is quick, not noisy, and does not cause any traffic problems. I know prime cost is against it, but it is the best method of cheap transport yet invented. Finally, the most important thing of all—in my suburb there are to be all sizes of houses built together, so that you do not get a complete district of the same type of house and the same type of inhabitant. It is only possible to get a district to which everyone is glad to go home, where there are many different interests and many types of people to share them with.

My suburb, you see, will be a place worth living in, and I do not mean just sleeping in, either. It will be somewhere where you can spend your evenings and free time profitably to yourself and others, without the need of going away for all your pleasures.

In such a suburb you can develop civic pride, and your householder will cease to be a man who only visits his home because it is the most convenient place to live in: he will belong to and take a place in the community. I venture to think, also, that the young men and women, and not only children, will be better for some community life with amenities they require within easy reach (community life, mind you, being available), yet at the same time with a chance of living their own lives, because they are not always cheek by jowl with many neighbours.

BOUMPHREY: Well, I must agree with you that simply from the point of view of those living in it, and if they were near their work, your suburb sounds quite attractive. But it leaves all the evils of suburban development from the broader point of view quite untouched. And it's an ideal. It's Bournville, in fact, and Bournville isn't really a suburb at all. It's a small garden-city, stuck on the side of Birmingham. It should really have been a satellite with real country all round it, but transport conditions were different when it was founded: there were no motor-cars. Now let me call on Witness A. He has lived for some years in a typical new suburb, and knows a great deal about the social side of it. What are your views, Witness A?

WITNESS A: The worst of suburban life is that it wastes the one thing man cannot replace—life itself. To add hours of travel every week to a man's ordinary working day is just foolishly taking away all the advantages given by lessening hours in industry. I have been in houses at 7.30 or 8 p.m. and heard the same tale: 'Not home yet. It takes him over an hour to get from work'. The kids don't see their father from week-end to week-end. He's merely the man who 'mucks about' in the garden every Sunday, to them. Young workers who ought to be learning their job as future citizens are arriving home too late and tired to do anything; they're making friends at their work, where there is no parental control over their choice, and are spending their leisure in the City.

Don't forget that whenever a new suburb is built and folk leave a crowded area, they need over twice as many theatres, cinemas, churches, clubs, etc., as they did before. This is not an exaggeration, since—with twelve houses to the acre—all distances are increased, compared with, say, sixty to the acre. In point of fact most of the new suburbs have far less amenities than the crowded areas. A suburb usually has no centre of its communal life. Meeting-places, churches, playing fields, are essentials of a suburb and should be there first, not several years after a suburb is built. Human life refuses to wait; and if a generation grows up before libraries, churches and public baths are provided, a generation is created which has learnt to do without them.

The gardens are the best feature in a suburb. Most people like their own garden, but some would rather have public ones, with someone else to do the work in them.

WITNESS B: You've only to listen to the talk in suburban trains from Baker Street to see how fond most Londoners are of gardening. It's nothing but gardening.

BOUMPHREY: You forget that your Baker Street train is full of men who have gone to live out on that line probably so that they can garden. It's not a representative selection.

WITNESS A: You won't hear that talk on a Kingstanding 'bus. Only about two folk per load can find room to read in the rush-hours—and they don't read close-printed gardening papers. If they hadn't to spend so much time in the 33 or 29 'bus inhaling

second-hand air, they might have more leisure and energy for gardening.

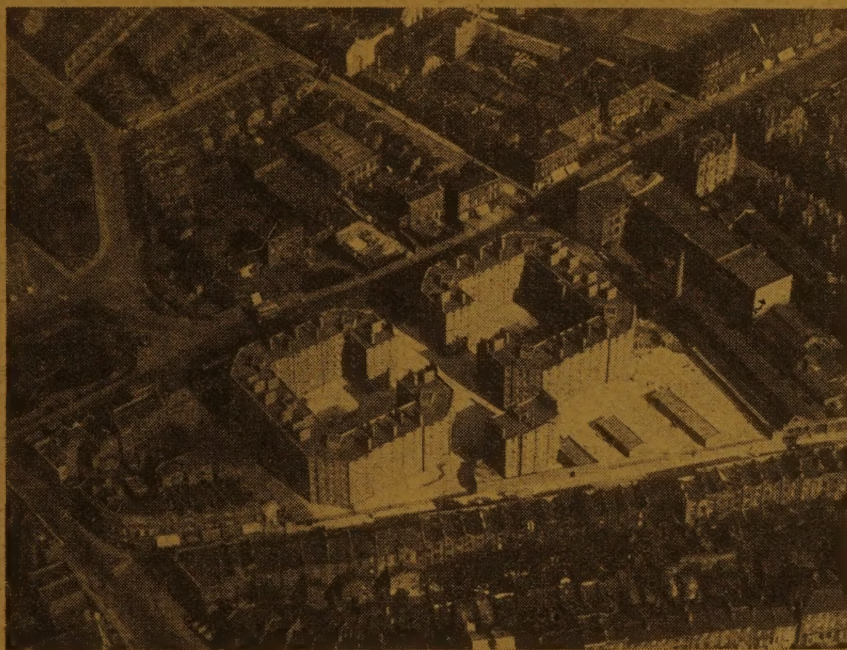
BOUMPHREY: What are your views on the suburb question, Witness B?

WITNESS B: It all depends what you mean by suburbs. If you mean some hundreds of cottages on a tram-route, I'm against it. If you mean the sort of suburb Mr. Cadbury described, I'm all for it.

BOUMPHREY: But if you want to house all your population in suburbs, Witness B, what is going to become of your city? Have you no use for it?

WITNESS B: Industrially—no. For cultural developments—yes. I agree you want some dormitories in the centre for birds of passage, but for factories and housing the signs of decay can already be seen in the central sites vacant. Out of business hours the centre is fast becoming a city of the dead. The expanding industries of Birmingham are not in the centre, but on the outskirts. The industrial worker wants a garden, things growing, green fields, space and companionship in games. A community in which his children can grow up in intimacy with other children. The only disgruntled people on new estates are those

underdeveloped in mind by their old surroundings. The new generation will know how to live. Bournville proves that the second generation does not tend to return to the city. Economic forces are already thrusting industries out from the centre. High ground-rents make housing there impossible. When this burst of jerry-building on the outskirts is over and the market allows for greater choice there will be less contentment in accepting dull houses in dull formation, enforcing dull living. Values will crash and they will quickly become the slums of the future, housing only those devoid of a



The worker brought to his work in the city, by the provision of large flats

Photographs: Aerofilms

community sense and civic pride. It is to be hoped our City Councils will catch the vision early, so that the ruins foreshadowed will not be too disastrous in their extent.

BOUMPHREY: It is, by jove. And there you have the logical conclusion of our present policy of unlimited suburbs—a ruined city at the centre of them and the suburbs themselves stretching for miles and miles. And no-one, you will observe, has said a word to contradict the assertions made about their wasteful clogging effect round a town, about the waste traffic they cause, about the way they drain the lives and purses of those who are forced to live far from their work, and cut off the country from those still forced to live in the towns. And no-one has made any suggestion for saving the town. We've seen how satellite towns of, say, 50,000 inhabitants could be planned to give all the advantages of suburban life without any of the disadvantages, either to the individual or to the whole country. What we haven't seen yet is how to clean up the towns in the centre without adding to the present mess of suburbs—and yet keeping a big enough population to man the industries still remaining. That is where I come to flats, Mr. Cadbury. There's no other way out, and it need not be a bad way. There is no need to use them everywhere, and no need for everyone to live in them. The small town is well enough as it is and can even afford to add a few suburbs. The satellite town has no need of them. But I do myself feel most strongly that the present mad building of suburbs must be stopped—before it strangles the towns themselves. If half the energy and money poured into the suburbs in the last 17 years had been spent on the towns inside them, the country would be a better place and the towns more fit to live in.



The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.I. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C. Yearly Subscription rates (including postage): Home and Canada, 18s. 8d.; Overseas and Foreign, £1 1s. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this issue: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2d.

The Position of Authors

IT is not likely to be generally disputed that of all the people whose activities go to the making of a book, the author is the most important. A book passes through a great and growing number of hands before it reaches its reader, but the hand that wields the pen is more vital than any other participating hand. Yet the author today gets a very small share of the rewards of literature. Mr. Herbert Read, writing in this month's issue of the *London Mercury*, puts a drastic and revolutionary proposal before the writers, compilers and illustrators of serious books. He recommends, in effect, that they should form themselves into a guild to be their own publishers and booksellers. He comes to this conclusion from a survey of the progressive deterioration of the author's position in the face of unrestricted competition in a small market. He quotes prices paid for serious books, for example guide-books to the galleries of London a hundred years ago, to illustrate how more and more middlemen have come into the business, and how the author's share of the proceeds has been whittled away. Today authors commonly receive ten or fifteen per cent. of the published price on each copy of their book sold, while the bookseller expects and gets about thirty-three per cent. There could be no greater anomaly than that the writer, whose ideas and labour are the commodity in question, should get less than a half of what an intermediary receives merely for keeping the book on a shelf or a table, and very often for doing no more than ordering it from the publisher. No trade, Mr. Read declares, gives a smaller return to the original producer in proportion to the final price, and authors are worse treated in this respect than fishermen or miners.

Unfortunately the matter cannot be rectified by any simple and straightforward organisation of oppressed artists and writers. The middlemen who have grown up in the last hundred years can each prove a plea of Not Guilty to the charge of growing rich by the easy intercepting of the fruits of the labour of others. The publisher

can point to the highly risky nature of his trade. With pardonable exaggeration, he can say that a stock of books deteriorates in value almost as rapidly as fresh fruit. In the past, and today in certain serious classes of publication, that was not the case. Books had slow, steady sales, like the publications of University Presses. But large-scale commercial publishing is now a hit-or-miss venture. Public taste is fickle and incalculable, and the volume of sales, even when a book does quite well, is so small, say between one and three thousand copies, that a very few failures can wipe out all the publisher's gains. Booksellers do not grow to be very rich, because though they make a high profit on each book, they sell very few. It is not that people would not like to possess books, or do not rush forward the moment some newspaper scheme places books within the reach of their purses, but that the ordinary published prices in the neighbourhood of seven-and-sixpence represent much too large a share of the total weekly budget of most families in the country.

Mr. Read's tentative proposals for a co-operative guild are worth close examination, because he does suggest ways of eliminating some of the things which aggravate a state of affairs which everybody connected with books deplores. Because of over-production and the ceaseless scramble to catch the eye of the public, meretricious ornament and sensationalism in appearance have replaced quiet and cheap styles of production; though the model of the French with their plain paper covers shows us how little necessary all this business of jacket and cloth-cover is to dignity of form. The bookseller's shop gives a tempting display for anyone who visits it without knowing what particular book he wants. But the number of bookshops, even in London, where any recent book is certain to be obtainable is the merest handful. The bookshop today, when something like 14,000 books are issued every year, cannot carry at all complete stocks and its owner tends to rely on the very books that will sell themselves without help. A great field undoubtedly lies open for direct sales to the public at much lower prices than are possible with the additional stage of the bookshop—a stage largely unreal—intervening. The proposal for an authors' guild raises a host of difficulties and is a challenge to many vested interests, but it is a sign of the times that it should be put forward from a responsible quarter, because it is undoubted that changes in the direction of greater simplicity and economy will have to come. At the present time serious authorship, although there is no more exacting work, can only be carried on as an unremunerative side-line for the vast majority of writers, and present conditions put a premium on quantity of output in place of quality.

Week by Week

APPREHENSION in the Lake District has shifted from the road-making activities of the Cumberland County Council to the tree-planting activities of the Forestry Commission, whose proposal to plant Upper Eskdale with spruce is receiving criticism from all quarters. Some have questioned the choice of spruce, as being timber of relatively little value, compared with larch, beech or oak; but the chief complaints come from inhabitants and walkers, who are disturbed at the spoiling of the bareness and wildness which make Eskdale's particular beauty, at the break-up of sheep-farming, Lakeland's oldest industry, and at the probable loss to the tourist trade when plantations of young trees curtail the visitor's access. These apprehensions are only too understandable; but apart from the question of the best kind of tree to plant, it is possible also to sympathise with the Forestry Commissioners. Their first duty is after all not to the holiday-maker—though elsewhere, in the Forest of Dean and the New Forest, the holiday-maker has received consideration at their hands. Their duty is to plant trees, and naturally when land they consider suitable for

planting comes into the market, they take their chance. The mistake seems to be that land which for a variety of other reasons can be shown to be unsuitable should ever be allowed to change hands for this purpose at all. And here we come back again to the necessity of an all-inclusive plan for the Lakes, which would recognise once for all that the district is one of the chief holiday places of England, and that what make it so are its expanses of wild and solitary fells, its unspoiled lake-sides, its quiet farmlands in the dales, its moss-grown stone walls—and not its petrol-stations, tea-shacks, or wide motor-roads with iron and concrete railings. With such a plan, administered by one special authority, every new proposal likely to affect the general character of the district would be scrutinised in the light of general principles, and all questions of planting in Eskdale, or making a by-pass through Dora's Field, or a motor-road over Styhead, would never reach that stage where public protests have to be organised to arrest them.

* * *

Visions of the heights to which scientific invention may be able to raise the arts of propaganda in the coming age are called up by the announcement in an important film trade paper a week ago that an inventor had perfected a process whereby 'certain visual impressions can be conveyed to the subconscious mind although entirely unnoticed by the conscious mind'. The inventor claims to have discovered a method whereby messages can be superimposed upon lengths of film in such a way that by the use of contrasting and changing colour light themes, each message can be cancelled just before the brain and the eye are able to report the seeing of it to the conscious mind, but after the subconscious mind has received the message. We are all aware from our daily experience that advertisements which we never consciously notice may none the less unconsciously affect us through continual reappearance in our sight. Apparently, the same principle can be made to apply to cinematography. The new process, it is claimed, 'can pass any form of specially prepared suggestion directly to the subconscious mind, while avoiding the conscious mind'. The inventor thinks that his invention can be used to cure nervous ailments, to disseminate 'positive health suggestions' and to combat criminal tendencies. He also imagines the process becoming a powerful instrument in the hands of governments and international bodies for the dissemination of agreed forms of propaganda. If the inventor's claims are justified, a new age is indeed dawning for the propagandist, for no more perfect kind of propaganda can be imagined than that which operates completely unperceived upon its victims. It would remain only for science to discover a simple universal method of thought-reading, and the last citadel of intellectual individualism and independence would be breached.

* * *

During the last twenty years a great deal has been discovered about the text of Shakespeare's plays. For three centuries successive editions followed a tradition derived ultimately from the Fourth (and worst) Folio. In the eighteenth century editors began to consult the First Folio and the Quartos, but they chose their readings purely on a basis of personal preference, and where they were stuck or failed to understand the original they produced 'emendations' by sheer guesswork. Dr. Pollard's lectures at Cambridge in 1915 set the whole problem in a new light. He showed that it was at least possible that certain quartos had been printed direct from Shakespeare's own manuscript. He found out something about Shakespeare's handwriting and the particular kinds of mistakes to which it gave rise. Since then scholars have set themselves the task of deducing exactly what stages the text went through from the time it left the author's hand to its appearances in print in the early editions, and of sheeting home every variation to the circumstances which caused it. Last year, for instance, Dr. Dover Wilson published an essay on the text of 'Hamlet', and the problems of its transmission. His theories are still open to discussion on certain points of detail; but his main contentions are undoubtedly sound, and they have established a new means of discovering not what Shakespeare might have written, but as nearly as possible what he wrote. The result is that the text of 'Hamlet' as printed by Dr. Dover Wilson in the new Cambridge Shakespeare has put all our previous texts out of date. Editors will still argue over indi-

vidual readings, but they can never again revert to the old hotch-potch of arbitrarily chosen variants and emendations grafted on to the distorted stock of the Fourth Folio. One would have expected that producers of Shakespeare would have been eager to seize on a text as close as possible to Shakespeare's original. At the moment of writing two important productions of 'Hamlet' are before the public: Mr. John Gielgud's in London and the O.U.D.S. version at Oxford. As far as one can judge, Mr. Gielgud's is based entirely on the old text, while the version used by the O.U.D.S., though it seems to have profited somewhat by reference to the New Temple edition, published at the end of last year, is strangely mixed and inconsistent. In many cases the differences may seem small, but they are by no means trivial. If it is worth while for Dr. Dover Wilson to spend seventeen years in an attempt to recover what Shakespeare wrote, it is not unreasonable to ask that producers and actors should take advantage of his work. It seems as though there would be an opportunity here for the Old Vic and the B.B.C. to take the question of texts in hand and set an example to the West End—and the universities.

* * *

Of recent years we have come more and more to realise the importance not only of adequate food, but of the right kind of food, for the health of the individual and of the nation. The imposing array of facts about vitamins and calories, minerals and deficiency diseases which science has amassed and turned over pell-mell to the journalists and advertisers has merely bewildered some people and led others to take up with all sorts of fads and theories and fancy diets. But it has also provided a basis of knowledge which, if properly utilised, should be capable of improving the general health of the population out of all recognition. For this reason a pamphlet recently issued by the Committee Against Malnutrition* deserves to be widely circulated. It costs a penny, it is called *Good Nutrition*, and it explains in the simplest possible language the kind of food which adults and children should eat to ensure a high level of physical efficiency. Of such foods as bread, potatoes, and sugar most of us get an ample supply. But though mere hunger may be satisfied, there are other foods necessary to protect the body and preserve it from disease. Such are fish (especially fat fish like herrings) and meat, milk and cheese, green and salad vegetables, liver, and a certain amount of fruit. But the question at once arises: how large is the section of the community which cannot afford these things? A broadsheet issued this month by P.E.P. (Political and Economic Planning) covers much the same ground in more technical language. To the list given above it adds a few more expensive items such as butter and eggs. It argues strongly that the attention of the Government should be expressly directed towards making these 'protective foods' cheap instead of dear, and that every effort should be made to induce people to buy them. Meanwhile Dr. H. B. Cronshaw has drawn attention to another aspect of the food problem. In a paper read before the Society of Chemical Industry he advocated the establishment of a special institute or faculty for the training of 'food technologists'. The word is ugly. But there is a real opportunity for men properly trained both on the scientific and on the industrial side to be employed in the large food industries—canning, baking, freezing, and the making of confectionery—and to apply the most up-to-date researches of the specialised laboratories to everyday industrial practice.

* * *

Small exhibitions now on view at the British Museum and the Victoria and Albert Museum are giving the public its chance to appreciate the range and magnificence of the Eumorfopoulos Collection, which will be permanently incorporated into the Museums after next winter's Chinese Exhibition at Burlington House. The pieces on view—pottery, sculpture, bronzes and paintings—are calculated effectively to dispose of the popular fallacy of Chinese art as decorative bric-à-brac: there is, for example, at the British Museum, a jade figure of a man not more than six inches high which, for simplicity, dignity and formal beauty could hardly be matched in any art or time. A visit to these exhibitions is the best argument for the appeal for funds which the Directors of the Museums are issuing.

Transatlantic Bulletin

Roosevelt and his Opponents

By RAYMOND SWING

Broadcast from the studios of Columbia Broadcasting Network, New York, on February 19

THE decision of the Supreme Court to sustain the Government in the Gold Clause cases brought relief rather than excitement to most people in America. Many of them felt it might be a promise that all the New Deal legislation is going to be sustained by the five so-called Liberal Justices of the Supreme Court. So it is true to say that there is a great deal more confidence in the country today than a week ago. There are many who believe the decision will be a turning-point in President Roosevelt's administration, and will dispel some doubts about his success in leading the country out of the depression.

Now these doubts express themselves, as one would expect, in the growth of popular half-fanatical movements on the outskirts of our political life. We are famous for the way great numbers of us will take up Utopian schemes, and take them up seriously. Let me illustrate this by taking you for a moment to one of our Southern States—Georgia—to a political meeting being addressed by an eloquent clergyman. He stands before a large audience of poor people, and he cries out: 'Every man in this audience who does not own eight suits of clothes, hold up his hand'. All the men throw up their hands. 'What!' asks the clergyman, 'you don't own eight suits of clothes? Well, all those who don't own six suits of clothes hold up their hands'—and all the hands go up again. 'Five suits of clothes'—and he goes on to four—three—two; and each time, the hands go up. 'Very well, every man whose coat and trousers don't match, hold up his hand', and still the hands go up. 'What! you don't own one suit that matches?' asks the clergyman, 'But J. P. Morgan does; he has two suits—he has two hundred suits—of clothes'. The crowd roars; and the clergyman then proceeds to describe the unequal distribution of wealth in America, and ends by organising a local society of the Share-our-Wealth movement.

That clergyman is the chief organiser of the movement by which Senator Huey Long of Louisiana hopes to come into political power, either in 1936 as a follower of President Roosevelt, or four years later as his successor. Several million people are said to be enrolled in Share-our-Wealth societies. The Long programme is the Capital Levy, which is to limit all private fortunes to not more than £400,000 or £600,000. He promises to divide up the wealth and give each deserving family property worth a thousand pounds. Now don't think I am guaranteeing Senator Long's arithmetic or his economics—I only want you to see why his movement is spreading. And in Washington Huey Long is playing a role of growing importance. He is the most notable Democratic rebel against the President; and because he is a spectacular dictator in his own State of Louisiana—where, by the way, he did a surprising amount of good as Governor—he has been given more and more notice. Over the wireless he is attacking what he calls 'the Roosevelt Depression', and describes it as being much worse than the Hoover Depression; and he is the first person that dared to be savage in his public opposition to the author of the New Deal.

He won his first big victory in the Senate last week. As the result of a resolution he introduced, there is to be an enquiry as to whether Postmaster-General Farley has been found to be involved in influencing the award of contracts on public works. Postmaster-General Farley is Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and he has the most to say about the distribution of patronage—that is, about giving Government jobs to deserving Democrats. He took Senator Long's patronage away from him in Louisiana as a punishment for Long's rebellion against the President. Now Long has shown himself strong enough to strike back in a Senate which is overwhelmingly Democratic.

Another standard-bearer of fanaticism appeared before a Senate Committee last week: he is a tall, lank, quiet physician, now retired, who came to argue for a plan to restore prosperity by paying Old Age Pensions of £40 a month. He was Dr. Townsend, author of the Townsend Plan for Revolving Pen-

sions. The scheme is to provide the money for these handsome pensions by a tax on every business transaction, and to require that the whole of the pension be spent within a month.

There are plenty of people in America who can imagine nothing more delightful than to be required to spend £40 a month—so the plan has plenty of supporters. Dr. Townsend's agents say that petitions to Congress for the plan have been signed by 25 million names; and whether or not this is a vast exaggeration, I believe it is true that more people have signed petitions for this plan than for any other proposal in our history. The Townsend organisation is not unlike Huey Long's Share-our-Wealth movement, save that the 68-year-old physician has no special political ambitions. He did not make much of an impression on the Senate Committee last week, but a threat has come from the Townsend camp that if Congress does not adopt the plan, an army of a million old folks can be raised to descend on Washington and lobby for it. Washington could not accommodate a tenth of that number, and an old folks' lobby would be a pitiful and tragic army.

Now I am not telling you about Dr. Townsend because you are to understand that there is a ghost of a chance of Congress adopting his plan, for there isn't. Nor do I mention Huey Long's Share-our-Wealth movement because it lies in the field of practical politics. I want you to see that promises of such fantastic public relief have made the President's actual performances and promises seem to many people to be far from generous. Though the President's Old Age Pension system will start with only 800,000 persons, the amount of the pension is really expensively high—a maximum of 30s. a week; half to be paid by the States, half by the Federal Government.

If the President may be considered as having been pressed by such fanatical movements, the Supreme Court decision now gives him a more secure footing, and people will watch closely to see how Wall Street responds. Stocks went up yesterday, and if there is a renewal of business confidence there will be a steady rise in prices. One element in the favour of recovery is that the thousand million pounds Work Relief Bill probably will pass the Senate in a few days, and that will initiate a bolder era of public spending.

Mayor La Guardia of New York City descended on Washington last week to ask that £200 millions of this be spent in New York City alone. Mayor La Guardia is the reform mayor who beat the Tammany machine in the last election, and he is a vigorous fellow with big ideas. He proposes four new tunnels, a new Underground, a big programme of slum-clearance and boulevard extension, and he wants a civic music centre built round the Metropolitan Opera Company which he would make into a municipal venture. But New York City is already so heavily in debt that it has great trouble in paying the interest as it is, so the Mayor asked the Government to lend the money at an absurd rate of interest—one-eighth of one per cent.; despite the fact that loans cost the Treasury 2 to 3 per cent. He will not get such an interest-rate, nor will he get £200 millions; but he probably will get £50 millions, and his visit has made the public realise that public works money can be spent much more quickly than in the past—hence more beneficially to Recovery. During the first year of the New Deal we spent only 3 per cent. of our national income in actually increasing industrial production; in the second year we spent only 4 per cent. of our national income in this way. We used much more Government money than this, but the rest went into bolstering up credit institutions. It now remains to be seen how much spending can be done this year and next and what effect it will have on business.

At any rate, the President, with the Gold Clause decision behind him, and with a thousand million pounds in his purse, will have good reason to feel very much encouraged.

[The above is part of a report taken from a blattnerphone record. At the time of going to press we have not received a confirmatory script from America, and cannot therefore guarantee the literal accuracy of everything in our report.]



Looking North



Looking South

The diagrams show the face of the sky looking north and south about midnight on March 1, 11.0 p.m. on March 15 and 10.0 p.m. on March 31. At an earlier hour in the evening the stars will all be somewhat farther to the left than they are in the diagrams

The Sky at Night

What the March Sky Reveals

By R. L. WATERFIELD

IF you look out after dinner during the next few weeks on any clear moonless night you will see what is perhaps the most spectacular part of the whole sky. Around 8 o'clock, Sirius, the brightest of all fixed stars, is nearly due south, while above him to the right is that striking group of bright stars which form the figure of Orion with his sword and belt.

The above two pictures show the stars you can see when looking north and south from Westminster Bridge at midnight on March 1. There is, of course, no reason to stand on Westminster Bridge, for you will see the same thing looking north and south wherever you happen to be. And if, as is probable, you prefer to do your star-gazing before midnight—and next month I shall give the pictures for a more 'Christian hour' in the evening—you need only remember that the entire sky is rotating slowly from left to right, and that earlier in the evening each star will be farther to the left than it is drawn in the pictures. Fortunately as the sky goes a little bit more than once round us in the twenty-four hours, the stars come back to their original position a little earlier each night. So you will find that the pictures will improve with keeping; and by the end of March will represent the sky at 10 o'clock instead of midnight.

Soon after 10.30 you will see low down in the south-east two bright objects close together. The lower one is the star Spica, which appears in the right of the two pictures; the upper one, which is brighter and red in colour, is Mars, which, because it is a planet, has been left out of the picture.

You remember the fixed stars never change their positions in relation to each other, while the planets are continually wandering about among the stars. The stars are so remote that even after the lapse of centuries the naked eye cannot detect their movements. The planets, on the other hand, are close neighbours of ours, and their movements can be readily watched. Now the earth with its brothers and sisters, the planets, move round their parent sun in more or less circular paths. The earth travels round in the third circle from the sun, and Mars in the fourth circle, the one just outside the earth's. The earth takes one year to go round, but Mars, having farther to go and going more slowly, takes nearly two years. And since they go round in the same direction the earth overtakes and passes close to Mars every 26 months. It is a sort of continuous race which we win regularly every two years and two months.

You will find you see best how the course lies if you will stand at midnight and face due east. You will then be looking roughly ahead, in the direction among the stars towards which the earth in its journey round the sun is travelling. Mars will be to your right front; so although we are heading more or less for the planet, we are obviously going to leave him away over on our right. If you face the engine and look out of the right-hand window of your railway carriage, the telegraph poles appear to be moving backwards to your right against the fields beyond. Now if you watch Mars you will find him doing exactly the same thing, as, during the next few weeks, we catch him up and pass him.

Away up and to the left beyond Spica is the bright star Arcturus. You will see that at present Mars is almost in a direct line between these two stars. In a week or so it will be quite obvious that Mars is moving out of that line towards the right. But there is yet another way in which you can watch the progress of this exciting race; as we gain on Mars he will grow brighter, like the rear-lamp of a car which we are overtaking. And on April 6, the day of our victory over the God of War, he will look more than twice as bright as he does now.

I just want to mention two other planets lest they should take you unawares; but I shall say more about them when they are better placed in the sky. One is the dazzling Venus, which you may see for a short time after sunset in the west; the other is Jupiter, which rises after mid-



The Orbits of Mars and the Earth
The inner circle represents the earth's path, and the outer circle Mars' path. The sun is at the centre. The two arrows show the movements of the two planets between March 1 and April 6, the day on which we overtake Mars and are nearest to him. The paths are not quite circular; and on the present occasion we do not pass so close to Mars as we sometimes do.
From 'Astronomy', by J. C. Duncan (Harpers)

night in the south-east and is the brightest object in the early morning sky.

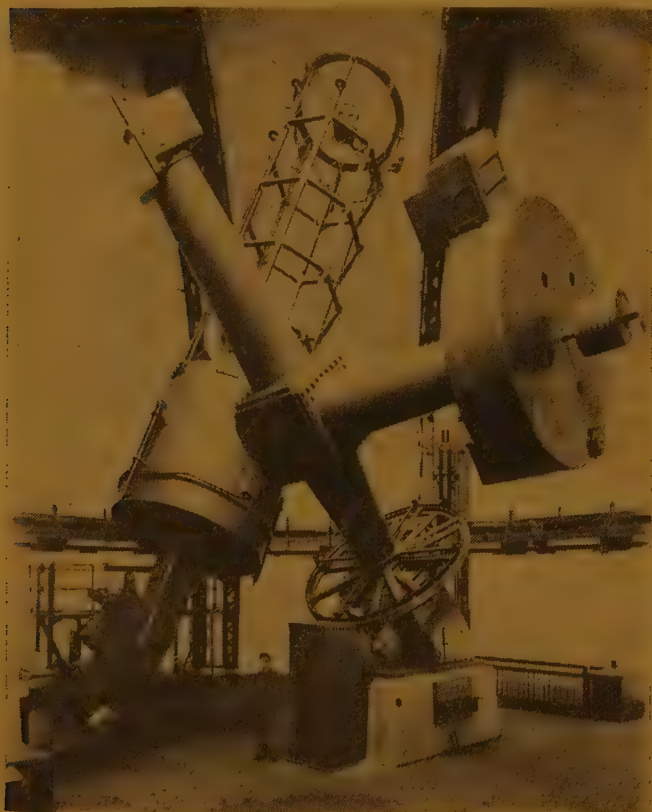
We said just now that the stars are enormously more remote than the planets. Almost exactly a hundred years ago the distance of the nearest star was measured and found to be about a million times as great as that of the nearest planets, Venus and Mars. Now bear this in mind, and take a look at Mars and then turn to Sirius. I think you will agree that Sirius is the brighter of the two. How enormously brighter therefore would Sirius appear if he were brought close to us and put side by side with Mars! If you diminish the distance of a star a million times, you increase its brightness, not a million, but a million million times; and that would make Sirius at least as bright as the sun. In point of fact Sirius is much farther away than the nearest star; and if he were placed side by side with the sun, so that they were both at the same distance from us, he would out-

shine the sun no less than 26 times. So you see this makes another fundamental difference between stars and planets, apart from their distances. The stars are just other suns, similar to our own: vast globes of incandescent gas enormously larger than the tiny earth and planets, which have no light of their own, and shine only because they are lit up by the sunlight.

But after all Sirius is an exceptionally bright star; and one would like to know how the other stars compare with the sun. There is an enormous range in the brightness of the stars you can see, and the faintest you can detect with your eye looks about a thousand times fainter than Sirius. Yet are these tiny stars faint because they are really faint, or is it simply because they are much further off?

In the lower right corner of Orion you will see the very bright star Rigel. To look at he is not so bright as Sirius, but then he is much further away. If you put both Rigel and Sirius side by side with the sun, Rigel would outshine Sirius seven hundred times, and outshine the sun eighteen thousand times.

But I must not put our own private star, to which after all we literally owe everything, unnecessarily in the shade; for although there are many stars far brighter than the sun, there



Measuring the colours of the stars

The apparatus attached to the bottom end of the tube in this illustration of the great telescope at Victoria, B.C., is a spectroscope, one of the instruments astronomers use for measuring the colours of the stars

are actually just as many that are far fainter. In fact the sun in the long run comes out a good average star, about half-way up in the scale of brightness. Unfortunately it is difficult to show you any star that is really fainter than the sun because there are only about fifteen visible to the naked eye, and most of them are very inconspicuous objects.

Have you ever noticed that the stars differ in colour as well as in brightness? Stars like Sirius and Rigel shine with a pure white radiance. In the left upper corner of Orion there is a bright star, Betelgeuse, that is undisguisedly red. To the right above Orion you will see another bright ruddy star called Aldebaran. Now look at Arcturus again, away over in the east; he has an obviously orange tint, though he is not as red as Aldebaran. Finally, almost over your head in the north-west is the brilliant star Capella, clearly less orange than Arcturus, but yellower than Sirius.

Astronomers have accurate methods for measuring the colours of the stars; and from its colour they can tell how hot a

star is, and also how brightly each little piece of its surface is shining. It seems incredible that the colour of a star can tell us so much; it almost reminds one of that famous nonsense story of the navigator who got his position at sea by counting the number of the crew and noting the colour of the captain's eyes!

Well, put a poker in a furnace and watch what happens. It begins to glow a dull red, then a bright red, then a brighter orange, then a brilliant yellow, and finally, if you ever get it hot enough, a dazzling white. You see, as its temperature rises two things happen: its colour changes from red to white and the brightness of each little piece of it increases by leaps and bounds. So it is with the stars. And even you yourselves with nothing more complicated than your own eyes can readily arrange the brighter stars in their correct order of temperature. You put the white stars Rigel and Sirius top of the list, then the yellow Capella (which actually has exactly the same colour and temperature as the sun), then the orange Arcturus, and lastly, coolest of all, the red stars Betelgeuse and Aldebaran. Some of you may care to try your hand at arranging the other bright stars in the same way when they come into view later on in the year.

The brightness with which each little piece, say each square mile, of a star's surface shines, increases enormously as it gets hotter and whiter. So each square mile of a red star would be dull compared with each square mile of the yellowish sun; and each square mile of the sun would be dull in comparison with each square mile of a white star like Sirius.

Now, astronomers have measured the distance of the red star Betelgeuse and they can tell you that if it were brought close to us and placed beside the sun it would outshine him over a thousand times. But you can see how red Betelgeuse is, and so you know that the brilliance of each square mile of its surface must be feeble in comparison with the brilliance of each square mile of the sun's surface. Thus you are forced to conclude that the only way in which Betelgeuse can so enormously outshine the sun's total brightness is by being terrifically larger than the sun. In fact one can calculate how much larger than the sun Betelgeuse is, simply from knowing its distance and seeing how brightly it shines in the sky and noting its colour. The answer is almost unbelievable. Betelgeuse turns out to be so large that if the sun were put in the middle of it, the earth, revolving in its path round the sun, would still be far below the surface of that stupendous star.

You may say that only goes to show that what I have said about the colours of the stars is merely an old wives' tale. But on another occasion I shall tell you about an ingenious instrument with which the diameter of this star can be directly measured; and the result it gives us is exactly the same as the one we have just got.

Forthcoming Music

THE B.B.C. ORCHESTRA is to make its first appearance abroad on Tuesday, March 12, when with Dr. Adrian Boult as conductor it will give a concert in the Great Hall of the Palace of Fine Arts at Brussels. This is to be a gala performance which will be attended by the British Ambassador in Brussels, Sir Esmond Ovey, and the main part of the programme will consist of the second series of Symphonic Fragments from Ravel's 'Daphnis and Chloë'. Beethoven's Seventh Symphony and Weber's 'Oberon' Overture represent the classics, and the concert, after opening with 'La Brabançonne', includes another Belgian work, one of the symphonic sketches from 'La Mer' by Paul Gibson. Finally, there will be two English pieces, Delius' 'In a Spring Garden' and Vaughan Williams' 'Fantasy on a Theme of Tallis' for double string orchestra.

A Handel and Bach programme has been arranged for the fifth Chamber Concert, to be given in the Concert Hall and Broadcasting House, on Friday (March 1). The B.B.C. Orchestra, conducted by Adrian Boult, are to play Handel's Concerto Grosso in B flat, and, with Carl Flesch as soloist, Bach's Concerto in E. Carl Flesch will also play the Sonata in D, by Handel, and Jo Vincent (soprano) will sing two groups of recitative and arias. In the unbroadcast part of the concert will be given the Sinfonia to Bach's Church Cantata No. 21, and Handel's Organ Concerto No. 4, with G. Thalben-Ball.

example, a skull ground flat by hand. Then he photographs the specimen, and has less than a fiftieth of an inch ground away, and then he photographs again, and then more is ground away, and so on until he has got right through a specimen. All the time he is gradually building up a model in wax. Other popular methods now widely employed are the use of hydro-fluoric or some other acid to dissolve away the rock, and the use of dental drills and mechanical hammers.

The wide use of these techniques has made it possible for modern workers to see far more in fossils than has been seen before. For example, Strusio has even been able clearly to show the courses of nerves and blood-vessels in the skulls of fish that lived approximately 350 million years ago.

This kind of research is very much encouraged in Scandinavia, and it is largely due to the Scandinavians our knowledge is advancing so quickly. Strusio has just returned from Greenland, which is a very important collecting ground, due largely to the lack of vegetation, and he has brought back with him specimens of the earliest known four-footed animals. The only previous record of four-footed animals in such very old rocks was a single footprint from Pennsylvania. But now the actual beasts have been described.

Another exciting find brought back from Greenland this year is a number of fishes of an absolutely new kind, which are believed to be the 'missing link' between the fishes and four-footed animals.

But Scandinavia is by no means the only place where this kind of research is being carried on. Great Britain has plenty of workers and her rocks are far from worked out. Nearly everywhere in the British Isles the rocks are full of fossils, and although some localities have been hunted over for years, new animals are still coming to light. Recently Dr. White, of the Natural History Museum, has found several complete specimens of the fish *Pteraspis*, a fish only previously known by its head, which is common, and a few body scales. The really interesting thing about this discovery is that White had previously forecast the shape of the tail of this fish—a shape unlike any living fish, and his specimens show him to have been correct. I myself collect in Dumfriesshire and have recently found several specimens of two fossil fishes, which were previously known only very unsatisfactorily. These recent finds have made it possible more or less completely to describe the anatomy of these forms, and to show that hitherto they had been very wrongly interpreted.

Fossil collecting has been until recently very largely the work of amateurs, but there has been a decline among such collectors. The whole subject is becoming the work of specialists, and the amateur collector is fighting rather shy of such a technical subject. It is a great pity that such days have gone when enthusiasm for geology was so great that Huxley filled a lecture room with a dissertation on a piece of chalk.

Markets and Men

Fortunes and Failures of the Cotton Farmer

By JOHN JEWKES

The first of two talks on cotton-production, by the Senior Lecturer in Commerce in the University of Manchester

IN the past few years gigantic schemes have been set in motion to aid the cotton farmer, particularly the cotton farmer of the United States. These experiments have aroused world-wide interest. That is understandable, for they contain all the elements of a great drama, some people would say of a great tragedy. Tremendous issues have been at stake. Daring and novel devices; vast new State organisations; appalling elementary mistakes—you can find all these in the history of the cotton markets since 1926. And, at the back of it all, there is in the minds of many people the haunting dread that, despite all the effort and cost, things are perhaps no better than they would have been if they had been left alone.

Cotton fibre is obtained from plants raised from seed each year. The time of sowing varies, of course, from one region to another according to climate. But if we take Texas as an illustration, the seed is put into the ground in March. In May the plants begin to flower and when the flowers have died away the seed continues to mature in a round pod, perhaps an inch in diameter, called a boll. By about August the boll has slowly matured and begins to open wide, so that the seed may escape from the plant to the ground. But inside the opened boll each seed is attached to light fibres much like a dandelion seed. Of course, nature intended this fibre to provide as wide a distribution as possible of the cotton seed, but man has ingeniously stepped in to manufacture out of it the endless variety of cotton fabrics which are now made. When the cotton boll is opened widely enough the picking begins. As I say, it may start in August, but in fact the plant continues to mature for several months, giving new flowers and new bolls and, on any one plant, the picking may continue, at periods, until the end of the year or even later. Then the old plant is destroyed and the annual sowing begins once again. The cotton pickers move along between the rows of plants, plucking the protruding cotton fibre by hand. Now, in this first picking the seed comes away with the fibre, so that the first stage in a long process of manufacture which is finally to produce a piece of cotton cloth is for the fibre to be separated from the seed. This process is known as ginning. It is very often done in the nearest village. At the ginny, then, clean cotton fibre or lint is obtained, compressed and packed into bales and then sent to the market.

Of course, conditions of growing vary greatly from one

country to another, or even from one region to another in the same country. In most countries, the United States, India, China, Russia, the plant depends for its moisture upon rainfall, but in Egypt the whole crop is irrigated, which means that the cotton-growing area is limited to strips of land on either side of the Nile from which water for the irrigation canals can be drawn. Or—another instance of varied conditions—in the southern end of the cotton belt in the United States sowing may begin as early as the end of February, in the northern end it may have to be postponed until late in May. But I think the point of greatest economic importance in this description is that the cotton grower can vary the size of his crop each year. It is an annual crop. The grower is not in the position in which the rubber or coffee grower finds himself, of having to wait a long time for the maturing of his plants.

When it has passed through the different marketing stages, the great bulk of raw cotton is transformed into cotton yarn required for the weaving of cloth. I don't know the total length of cotton yarn produced in the world, but in the Lancashire cotton industry alone about 15,000 million miles of yarn are produced in a year: enough to wrap round the Equator nearly two million times, or to stretch 150 continuous threads between the earth and the sun. Indeed, one could make with it a very pretty cobweb between the planets. Now the whole of this astronomical length of yarn is made from raw cotton fibres rarely more than $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. These are twisted together by spinning machines into a continuous thread in the cotton mill. Then this yarn passes to a thousand and one different purposes. It may be woven into cotton cloths; it may go to the hosiery industry for the making of stockings; it may go to the wool textile industry for mixing with that fibre; it may be special yarn made for sewing cotton—and so on.

Let us now turn to a rather more detailed analysis of the system of cotton growing. That system has one or two features that I want you to notice particularly. The first is that the vast bulk of cotton grown in the world is grown on very small farms by poor farmers. In India and Egypt the cotton is grown mainly by families who support themselves almost entirely by what they raise on their own plot of land. In Egypt the average size of cotton-holding, indeed, appears to have declined con-

siderably in the past thirty years. Even in the United States the cotton farmer has a small farm and he will grow crops, other than cotton, on his holding. Now why should this be the case? After all, there is a steady demand for cotton goods, and at first sight it might seem as if it would have paid large companies to produce the cotton plant on a large scale. There are many reasons why this small-scale cotton growing continues. Some of them arise from the social habits of the agricultural communities which now produce most of the cotton grown in the world. But the principal economic reason is the violent seasonal fluctuation in the demand for labour. Nearly all cotton is still hand-picked; wages are easily the most important item in the total cost of producing the crop—anything from 50-60

per cent. of the total consisting of labour cost. This labour is not demanded equally throughout the year. There are two busy seasons: a minor peak in the labour demand in the early growing season and a major peak when the cotton is being picked and two or three times

of the cotton grown. In a few cases, too, there are large estates of thousands of acres where the small tenant farmers work under the supervision of the manager of the estate and with equipment provided for them. But usually the cotton farmer must borrow, and, since the ordinary banking system has not in the past catered for agriculture as for industry, the cotton grower has fallen into the hands of small merchants and moneylenders charging high rates of interest. Latterly, in the United States, arrangements have been made for lending money to farmers at reasonable rates to save them from the extortion of the local merchants, but even now a great part of the growing crop in the American cotton belt must be mortgaged up to the hilt to the local shopkeepers who have advanced goods to the grower. In effect this means that, before and during the growing season, the farmer is getting credit from the local store or it may be from the local bank. The security for these loans is the maturing crop and the creditor will often take payment directly in cotton. Another consequence of small-scale production is that since in all countries cotton is being grown by thousands, or even tens of thousands, of farmers, some organisation must be created to collect the cotton and bring it to the market. Here, again, the local merchant plays a great part. The grower carts his cotton to the

nearest small town and may transfer it direct to the shopkeeper who has already granted him a loan or he may dispose of it to the agent of a much larger cotton marketing concern. The result is that great numbers of middlemen intervene between the grower and the spinner: the margin between what the grower gets and what the spinner pays is correspondingly widened.

On the whole, I think it may safely be assumed that the greater part of the cotton grown in the world is produced and marketed in a very unscientific fashion. Conditions are getting better; in the United States, Egypt and India the responsible State bodies are actively seeking to improve methods of production.

Another feature of cotton growing is that the crop is confined to a relatively small number of countries, and the United States itself is responsible for about half the total world crop. Egypt and British India account for a further quarter of the world's cotton production. Of other countries, Russia and Brazil are the most important. Cotton, in fact,

needs a special kind of climate which is found only in a few places in the world. It demands much rain during the growing season, but an absolute drought during the picking season, so that the cotton fibres will not be tinged by the rain. Moreover, the cotton belt must be as free as possible from frost. Reports of frost in the early growing season usually mean a light crop and high prices. Now, there is a very important consequence of this geographical concentration. If you have an agricultural commodity, wheat for instance, which is grown in many parts of the world, the chance of a shortage due to unfavourable climatic conditions is slight. The weather may have been bad in Canada, but this will probably have been offset by a bumper crop in Russia or the Argentine. Casual fluctuations will usually cancel each other out. But when your production is dependent upon conditions in two or three countries the likelihood of this kind of smoothing out is smaller. In fact, the size of the world's cotton crop fluctuates considerably from year to year, bringing with it correspondingly wide changes in prices and all their consequences upon the demand for cotton goods and industrial activity. Indeed, the position is even more precarious than one would be led to suppose from the figures I have given you, for, in fact, the cottons grown in America, Egypt and India are not altogether interchangeable. Indian cotton is largely used for the making of coarser yarns—it has a relatively short fibre; Egyptian cotton is the finest—it has the longest fibre and is used for the high quality yarn. The great bulk of American cotton comes between these two extremes. So that a small crop of Egyptian cotton could not be made up by a large crop of American cotton; in such circumstances the



Fighting the boll weevil: the 'dusting' machine sprays calcium arsenate over a field suspected of being infected. Inset: The larva of a boll weevil in a cotton bud

E.N.A.

the normal number of workers may be required. Now, if cotton were grown on very large farms the shortage of labour in the busy season would be acute. Either the farms would have to keep a full staff of workers all the year round—a very expensive proposition—or they would have to go short of workers at picking time, dangerous because the cotton should be picked at the right moment. But so long as the farm is small, this difficulty can be overcome by the farmer's own increased personal efforts at harvest time and by the added assistance of the members of his family. Small-scale farming, therefore, persists because of the importance of the labour element, and because, up to the present, no-one has yet devised a satisfactory machine for cotton picking. Experiments, naturally, are constantly going on: ultimately, perhaps, a satisfactory machine will be designed. When that happens revolutionary changes will be produced in the methods of cotton growing and the type of society found in the cotton growing areas. But for the present, cotton growing is a hand occupation, and while it is so the small-scale farm will hold its own.

Now, this small-scale cultivation has its own important consequences. The cotton farmer has to find seed, manures and feed for his animals long before his cotton is ripe. Because the average cotton farmer is poor and has little money to fall back on while his crop is growing, he is dependent in most countries upon others to provide his capital. In America the capital is sometimes provided in this way: a landowner may put a Negro farmer on the land, provide him with everything that is required for the raising of the crop and then, at the end of the season, take his payment in the shape of a part

price of Egyptian cotton would rise abnormally. The cotton grower, therefore, has always been at the mercy of these violent price changes over which he has no control. For instance, the price of American cotton in December, 1924, was 24 cents a pound, in December, 1926, it was 12 cents; in December, 1928, it was 19 cents; in December, 1932, it was 6 cents.

In any one year, therefore, the size of the world cotton crop, and with it the fortunes of cotton growers, will normally be determined by two sets of forces—the climatic and the

that, it is not easy for a farmer to adjust his activities to price changes quickly—for example, to reduce acreage if prices fall. I have already spoken of the kind of people who grow cotton. They are conservative, they know little of other methods of production or of other crops. Even if they are willing to change over, they may not have the capital to buy the necessary new machinery, seed and manures. Moreover, the question often arises: what alternative crops can they grow? If they turn over part of their land to new crops their fellows will probably be

doing the same, and the increased supply of the new crop will reduce its price to an unprofitable level. For a time, indeed, if cotton prices fall, the farmer may seek to offset the reduction in his returns per lb. of cotton by growing more, and this policy will, if generally adopted, produce further price reductions. In the long run, undoubtedly, the decline in price will lead to crop reduction. But in the short run this automatic remedy may go on only with the greatest possible friction and create for a time urgent social problems which lead the State to interfere in the hope of facilitating the process of re-adjustment. This, in fact, is the third important influence which has been at work in recent years in the raw cotton market—State control, the authoritarian element seeking to produce prices different from those which would normally rule under private enterprise.

Many people, some of whom ought to know better, are talking in these days as if the need for work had almost disappeared. To put it in their own words,

the problem of production has been solved; it only remains to make the process of distribution efficient and we shall all enter a material millennium. You can see what is behind this line of reasoning. It is that in the past twenty or thirty years man's control over nature has been so rapidly extended, mainly through the use of machines, that an entirely new kind of world has been made possible. The implication is that recent technical progress is quite novel in its sweep and pace; fundamentally different, for instance, from the technical progress that went on in the



Picking cotton on a Tennessee plantation

E.N.A.

economic, by the weather and the price. It is worth while looking at these two in a little more detail. No-one knows what the size of the American or Egyptian cotton crop will be until it has actually come on to the market. The only thing the grower can control is the acreage he sows; but he may increase his acreage and a shortage or an excess of rain may considerably reduce his total yield. The cotton plant is particularly susceptible to insect pests. I think there are about 70 kinds of bugs, borers, biters, snappers, gnawers, suckers, and weevils which can prey upon the plant. The most important is the boll weevil which attacks the American crop. In some years the loss from this pest is very great indeed. In the season 1921-22 it was estimated, for instance, that 30 per cent. of the total American cotton crop was destroyed by the boll weevil. In most years the loss is less than this, but the point I want to make is that the actual loss is not forecastable and, in consequence, the size of the crop cannot be pre-determined.

But the vital controlling force over the size of the world cotton crop is the price at which it can be sold. Cotton growers are not in the business for the sake of their health. If they cannot make profits in the long run they must go out of business. Conversely, if their margins between costs and prices—that is to say, their profit margins—are high, they will increase their production. So that there is a direct connection between the price of cotton and the scale of its production. Now this truism applies, of course, to all forms of private enterprise, to agriculture as well as to industry. But in its application to agriculture, and particularly to cotton growing, it must be qualified in a number of ways, especially as it relates to a fall in prices producing a reduction in acreage. One qualification is that the size of the crop in one year is influenced chiefly by the prices ruling in the preceding year when the farmer made his decision about the acreage to be devoted to cotton. Indeed, it has been found that the vital prices are those ruling in the months when the new cotton crop is planted. But, apart from



Cotton ginning in Uganda

Dorien Leigh

nineteenth century. We had new machines in the nineteenth century, but no-one talked then about the need for organising leisure. We had improved methods in agriculture, too, but no-one regarded this as a proof that work was becoming unnecessary. But nowadays the fact that we have new machines seems to lead many people to the conclusion that it is possible to produce unlimited goods for everybody.

I believe such notions are fallacious, if not actually
(Continued on page 379)

Economics of the Week

Rake's Progress in Unemployment

By SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE

Broadcast on February 19

SEVERAL things have happened in the last ten days which suggest that I might well devote my time tonight to taking stock of our economic position and prospects. Three things in particular have happened. At the beginning of last week, there was a sharp fall of prices on the Stock Exchange followed by a partial recovery. In the middle of the week, the returns of unemployment for the month of January were published, and showed a substantial increase. At the end of the week, came the returns of Overseas Trade for January—these were said to be promising.

The first of these events—the movement of prices on the Stock Exchange—is the least important. It can be explained partly as a natural reaction from the remarkable rise of stocks in the last three years, partly as the result of special troubles in the City and in politics. Pepper, Wavertree and Unemployment Assistance account for most of it.

Has Our Trade Recovery Come to an End?

The unemployment returns are less easy to explain. The number of insured unemployed rose between December and January by 208,000. Some rise of unemployment from December to January occurs every year through seasonal causes and some people have described this year's increase as no more than the regular seasonal movement. In fact, it is a good deal more. On the experience of previous years, one might have expected the January unemployed to outnumber the December unemployed by about 130,000; there are 208,000—nearly 80,000 more than would have been expected. This increase of unemployment, though it was reported after the financial and political troubles of the week before, occurred before them, from the very beginning of January. It cannot be due either to the pepper crisis or to political uncertainties. It may be due in whole or in part to other special causes—exceptionally cold weather at the end of January, or an exceptionally large inflow of boys and girls into industry. But it may mean also that the recovery of our trade and employment, which has been proceeding since the middle of 1932, but has been slowing down of late, has come to an end and that we are on the brink of a new depression.

The day after these rather gloomy reports of unemployment, the returns for overseas trade came out to cheer us. Both exports of manufactures and imports of raw materials were up. The rise of exports is not much ground for optimism about the future; manufactures cannot be exported until after they have been made, so that the rise of exports mainly reflects our past recovery. But the maintenance of imports of raw materials at a high level shows that manufacturers mean to try to produce more in the coming months; if they succeed, employment will improve.

Optimism with Caution

What then is the answer to my question whether the fall in employment in January is a chance movement that will become corrected in the next month or after, or the beginning of a new depression? One cannot answer with assurance, but, on the whole, I am prepared to be optimistic with great caution, and with modest expectations. The imports of raw materials are definitely cheering. The financial conditions are not those which in pre-War times used to herald the coming of depression. The recovery of America is proceeding, and is likely, I think, to be helped by the Gold Clause decision; that, in turn, may be some help to the world at large. Finally, I am optimistic in the way in which one is sometimes optimistic in playing cards. Sometimes one assumes that one's partner has the ace, because, if he has not, the game is clearly lost.

To explain what I mean, I will ask you to join me in looking back not just one month but five years, to 1929. We are told now that we are getting back in economic activity to 1929 and that 1929 was a year of prosperity. It hardly felt like prosperity

at that time, but at least it was not a depression. How does the end of 1934 compare with the end of 1929? How do we stand after 2½ years of falling trade, and the 2½ years of recovery? Here are the essential figures.

The number of persons employed in the insured industries (that is everyone outside agriculture and domestic service) is now the same as it was five years ago, and the amount that they are producing is practically the same. The volume of industrial production is probably within two per cent. or three per cent. of what it was at the end of 1929. But the total number of persons who are trying to get employment in those industries is not the same as five years ago; it has risen by 792,000. The number of those who are unemployed has also risen, by 828,000. All and more than all the increase of our labour force in the past five years has gone into unemployment.

When I first did this sum two days ago, I said to a friend of mine that our only expanding industry seemed to be the industry of unemployment. He pointed out that this was not quite so. Many of the insured industries had gained in numbers while others had lost in the past five years. But these gains and losses of particular industries have been relatively small and they have cancelled out. Today, we have 800,000 more insured persons and 800,000 more unemployed than we had five years ago. After 2½ years of recovery that is not cheerful.

I am not going to give you an explanation of this. You will find lots of people ready with explanations. 'This is the breakdown of capitalism', some will say. 'This is the wickedness of trade unions in holding up wages', others will say. 'No, it is the wickedness of banks in refusing credit'. 'It is the wickedness of foreigners in stopping trade by tariffs and quotas'. 'No, it is our own absurdity in following their example'. Or, finally: 'This is the result of an over-generous system of relief for the unemployed'. You can have your fill of explanations.

Rise in the Standard of Living

I am going to add to the picture not explanations, but one more fact. Since the end of 1929, money wages have fallen a little—about 4 per cent., but the cost of living has fallen a good deal more—nearly 14 per cent. 'Real' wages, therefore—wages in terms of what the workman needs to buy for living, food, shelter, clothing and fuel—have risen substantially, by 11 per cent. Those who can get employment are better off, though apparently they are not producing any more than before. They are better off because the terms of trade have swung in Britain's favour and have cheapened the food and raw materials that we buy.

In one sense this is cheering. It shows that the standard of living of wage-earners in this country still can rise. The addition to real wages is, in fact, proportionately more than the addition to the insured population. On the money now going out as wages, it would have been possible for all those employed five years ago and all who have entered industry since then to have been better off today than five years ago, but under our present arrangements the advantage has gone to some only. We do not use our economic gains to absorb our unemployed: we are adding perpetually to their numbers.

Look at our Rake's Progress in Unemployment. Before the War, 10 per cent. of unemployment would have been regarded as a disaster. As much as 10 per cent. was recorded in fact by the trade unions on one occasion only, in 1879, the worst slump of pre-War history. The first slump after the War, in 1921, set up a new record in depressions—17 per cent. of unemployment. We recovered in the 'good years' 1927, '28, '29—to only 10 per cent. of unemployment. The next slump gave a new depression record—22 per cent. in 1932. Our latest recovery has brought us back to 17 per cent. in what we are being asked to call the good year of 1934—to 17 per cent., to the bottom of the depression of 1921. If 17 per cent. is the top of recovery, where shall we be in the next depression?

Exploring Lake Rudolf

By V. E. FUCHS

Mr. Fuchs was Leader of the 1934 expedition to Lake Rudolf in the northern part of Kenya, on the borders of Abyssinia

LAKE RUDOLF was discovered in 1887 by two Austrian explorers, Count Teleki and Admiral von Hohnel. Since that time a number of expeditions have visited the area doing a certain amount of scientific work, but there still remains a great deal to be learnt about the country and its people.

In January last year the Lake Rudolf Rift Valley Expedition left England equipped to carry out many lines of research. The first four months were spent on the west side of the lake, where a great number of the so-called 'permanent water-holes' had dried up owing to the failure of the rains during the preceding two years. For us it was a nuisance—it held up many journeys—but for the natives it was a catastrophe bringing poverty and even death. One old Turkana chief came to ask us if we would not bring rain, as his people were dying. At first we put him off as best we could, for he would not believe we had not the power. Finally, on the strength of the dark clouds which had been hanging in the sky far to the north for many days, we told

It is on the islands along the south-east shore of the lake that a small tribe known as the El Molo live. The name itself means the Miserable or Poor Ones, which indeed they are, for they are descended from the poorer members of several tribes that at one time came to the lake to eke out a precarious existence by fishing. They do not admit their mixed origin, but maintain that they are one tribe, the El Molo. Today they are only eighty-four in number, and are rapidly dying out. They live almost entirely on fish,

crocodiles, or turtles, which they catch in the lake. It is apparently this diet which is responsible for their characteristic deformity; that is, the forward bowing of the shin, in some cases to such an extent that they appear to have a second and permanently bent knee somewhere close above the ankle.

It was after our stay with these people that we turned our attention to South Island. This island was the only remaining piece of land in that part of Africa which had never been visited by Europeans, or, as we thought at that time, by anyone at all, black or white. Seeing this great volcanic mass rising above the lake, like all the early explorers who had seen it, we searched from far for signs of life or some indication that it might be habitable could one reach it. During our month near the shore of the lake in the vicinity of the island we had watched the



Suk warriors

him rain would fall within a fortnight. A few days later we left that place, but afterwards heard that on the fourteenth day six inches of rain fell in four hours. So we felt we had not let him down.

To us of the Expedition the arrival of the rains proved even more troublesome than the drought had been, for the dry sandy plains were now converted into vast areas of mud. Into this our cars and lorry sank, and on it our camels could not keep their feet. The whole country became divided up by the rivers, normally dry and sandy gullies, but now rushing torrents.

It was near one of the larger of these that the Expedition's base camp was pitched. For a fortnight it flowed steadily between its banks so that we were lulled into a sense of security, till suddenly one night it rose rapidly and those in camp awoke to find the water swirling past the tent poles. There was no time to waste; in an hour two cars and quantities of gear had been moved up on to a nearby rocky mound, but by the time we tried to move the loaded lorry the water was already too deep for it to be started. In the end a company of fifty natives managed to tow it clear of the deeper water.

The second half of the Expedition's work was to be done on the east side of the lake. This part of the Rudolf basin has to be approached from Marsabit, some hundred and twenty miles east of the south end of the lake. In that country camels are the only means of transport of any value, and even they find the going very arduous, owing to the rocky nature of the lava country.

weather conditions day by day, so that we might be better able to judge, when the time came, just when to start on the crossing, and even more important, how long we might expect the calm period to last.

Finally on July 25, 1934, Mr. Martin and I left the mainland at about eleven in the morning while the water was still too rough to be comfortable.



Native of the El Molo tribe, showing the characteristic deformity of the leg



Musician of the Rift Valley



North-East Bay, South Island

This did not worry us, as experience had shown that when the wind had begun to drop it continued to do so till a flat calm prevailed, and then after an interval of perhaps three or four hours it would again rise steadily to almost gale force. The actual crossing took us nearly an hour and three-quarters, and what a welcome awaited us! I wish I could do justice to the appearance of that rocky shore as it towered over us; rugged sheets of lava that clothed the whole flank of the island, their twisted and contorted forms reaching right down to the water's edge and seeming to come out to meet us, for here and there small jagged rocks rose out of the water, a warning of the treacherous form of coast we were approaching. At the second attempt we landed in a small cove and prepared our camp for the night.

The next morning we set off up the steep lava slopes on the way to the highest point. Eight hundred feet above the lake the rough and crumbling lava gave way to volcanic ashes which made the going much easier and enabled a few scrubby bushes to grow in a half-hearted manner. We had become so convinced that there was no living thing on the island except birds that we would not at first believe the evidence of our eyes when we saw the tracks of some small four-footed animals. It was not till we stood upon the highest point of the island, some fifteen hundred feet above the lake, that the mystery was solved. There far below us grazed a herd of thirteen goats. Later when we tried to approach them we found that they were as wild as the wildest antelopes. From the highest peak we descended to the west shore and then returned over the northern end of the island. During the day's walk we found numerous goat skeletons and, most important of all, a few small pieces of fossilised human bone and one fragment of pottery. It may be that these will give us a clue as to who it was that lived and died upon the island, though we shall never know how or why they went to it.

On July 28, after three nights on the island, I left Martin to continue with the survey work and crossed back to the mainland so as to make another journey to the south end of the lake. The day I left for the south, Dr. Dyson, our medical officer, went over to the island with further supplies. Neither Martin nor Dyson was ever seen again. What fate overtook them we do not know, but it can only be supposed that for some reason the boat foundered on the return journey and they were unable to reach the shore. When flying over the island it was possible to see every detail of the rocky shore, but there was no sign of boat or camp. We continued the search for two months; native scouts patrolled the shores of the lake; two more aeroplanes were used to search the other islands, and finally a second and larger boat was transported to the lake. In this Mr. MacInnes and myself with one native

sailed seventy miles southward in an attempt to reach the island. At first continual storms delayed our progress, then one night the boat sank with a large part of the equipment. It was salvaged and mended, but we were scarcely ready to start when fever claimed two of the party, so that the final attempt had to be delayed still further.

All these days wasted meant that time was running short and finally, in spite of both the other members of the party having bad fever, it was decided to make a last attempt. For three hours we made good progress, but a breeze began to spring up which in two hours had reached gale force, blowing directly from the island. The outboard engine swamped three times before we were compelled to turn before the wind when only two miles from our objective. It would have been madness to attempt a landing on those shores after dark even if we could have reached them, which we could not. With storm lug set, and steering by means of two sweeps, we finally managed to beach the boat on the mainland between ten and eleven that night.

Our time was up and we had to abandon our last forlorn search for anything that might have shown what had happened to our companions. During the search two oars, two tins and Dr. Dyson's hat were found. It seems certain that they were lost while attempting to cross from the island to the mainland.

Dr. Dyson, of Cambridge University, was a rising young British surgeon. Mr. Martin, an American citizen, of Oxford and Yale Universities, was a promising forester and a keen surveyor. Both these splendid young men whom we of the expedition had learnt to love and respect have added their names to the long list of those who have given their lives in the search for knowledge.

The majority of townsfolk, according to Mr. A. G. Street, possess very little true knowledge of the English countryside. His *Thinking Aloud* (Faber, 6s.)—a reprint of his broadcast talks under the same title—should help to set their thoughts in the right channels. There is nothing he detests more than the kind of 'country book' which Stella Gibbons has so cleverly parodied in *Cold Comfort Farm*—books whose authors 'pick out a few horrible characters, and infer that everybody in the countryside is like unto them'. 'Our countryside', says Mr. Street, 'is a very precious heritage, and anyone who writes concerning it should realise that in doing so he shoulders a great responsibility'. It is his own feeling of responsibility and his own love and concern for the English country, that emerge most plainly from these talks. Perhaps the title is an excuse for a certain amount of rambling and long-windedness, but Mr. Street is a true countryman and cannot be hurried. Presumably the broadcasts were restricted as to time, but he discourses apparently at leisure on point-to-point races, bee-keeping, oak-apple day celebrations, or just on the greenness of the English fields, always with sincerity, always with interest.

Foreign Affairs

Gold Clause—N.R.A.—Nanking and Tokyo—The Open Door

By SIR FREDERICK WHYTE

JUST one more word about the Gold Clause. You have heard that all America was relieved at the decision, and the New York Stock Exchange sent prices up as a signal of its relief. But second thoughts showed that I was not far wrong when I told you that the Supreme Court was lying in wait for Mr. Roosevelt. The entire Court, all nine of them, declared that the American Government had done wrong in principle in not honouring the Federal Debt in gold, but added (by a majority of five to four) that since Mr. Perry, the complaining holder of the 10,000 dollar federal bond, had suffered no damage, he could claim nothing from the American Treasury. So things remained as they were, except that the Supreme Court had warned the Government to be careful.

And here's a prophecy for you. Mr. Roosevelt's critics, and especially the Republican Party, will burn a lot of midnight oil during the next few weeks in an endeavour to find some other part of the Roosevelt policies on which they may hope to get another judgment of the Court to embarrass the White House. Meanwhile, Mr. Roosevelt goes ahead undaunted. But he encounters rough weather. After carrying his Work Relief Bill safely through the Appropriation Committee of the Senate, he met a serious rebuff in the Senate itself. On Thursday last, the Senate returned the Bill to the Committee with an instruction to reduce the total appropriation and to reconsider expenditure on direct relief in cash without any resort to public works. Thus, when Mr. Roosevelt left Washington on Sunday he left behind him a somewhat turbulent Senate.

Right on top of this relief measure, Mr. Roosevelt asks for a two-year extension of the National Industrial Recovery Act, which is the legal basis of the whole N.R.A., and he also has legislation in hand to deal with Unemployment Insurance, Health Insurance, Old Age Pensions, etc. By a remarkable coincidence Mr. Roosevelt's Message to Congress on this immense programme was delivered at the very moment on January 17 when Mr. Lloyd George was proclaiming his New Deal at Bangor. And the almost universal social scope of Mr. Roosevelt's plans will perhaps be clear to you if I put them in terms of British social reform. In one session of Congress the President is launching a programme which includes the relief of distress, the enactment of laws very like Mr. Lloyd George's original Insurance Acts, the British Trade Union Acts and lesser measures designed to give what is now called in America 'Social Security'. And I believe that the things that lie nearest his heart are these measures of social reform, and not the strange medley of economic experiment known as the N.R.A.

He will have a stern struggle over the provisions for collective bargaining for labour. He will find many opposed to him on the ground that the Federal Government is becoming too strong and is usurping the rights of the individual States; and an increasing number of people will watch with critical eyes to see whether the whole policy of relief, with its lavish expenditure of Federal credit, is really promoting recovery. And, finally, the advocates of inflation will try to push him into further depreciation of the dollar in order to relieve the burden of indebtedness.

And now we will cross the Pacific to look at the new situation in the Far East. Conversations between Nanking and Tokyo seemed to show that the Chinese and Japanese Governments were drawing together; and it appeared that what has been called Mr. Hirota's 'new policy' towards China would lead to a settlement of many outstanding disputes. Dr. Wang Chung-hui took the opportunity of an apparently casual and private visit to Japan to converse on many things with the Japanese Foreign Minister, and particularly to convey to him some appreciation of the Chinese attitude to current problems. And inspired announcements told us that Mr. Hirota was thinking of going over to Nanking himself to talk to General Chiang Kai-shek and Mr. Wang Ching-wei. I cannot recall the last occasion when a Japanese Foreign Minister went to Nanking. The mere rumour of it denotes something unusual afoot; and it is little wonder that people on both sides of the Yellow Sea

are sniffing the air and watching the sky for a sign. And they are not a little troubled; for the signs and omens are conflicting.

If we are to judge solely by what lies on the surface of the news, the period of sharp conflict between China and Japan seems to be drawing to an end. The Japanese Government has expressed the hope that China will co-operate with it to remove the unsightly remains of recent disputes and will recognise the truth of the Japanese contention that Japan is the guardian of peace in East Asia. General Chiang Kai-shek, the real official spokesman of China, replied to Mr. Ariyoshi, the Japanese Minister to Nanking, that as a faithful follower of Dr. Sen Yat-sen he accepted his leader's desire for friendly relations with all nations that were friendly to China, which of course, ought to include Japan. And, if the most recent reports are correct, he added that he thought that candid talk about common problems would clear the air.

You will remember that when I tried to analyse Mr. Hirota's two speeches on foreign affairs in the Japanese Parliament exactly four weeks ago, I had to remind you that you often get contradictions between what is said in Tokyo and what is done in Manchuria or North China. And today we are sharply reminded of the same thing. Knowing Mr. Hirota as I do, I am absolutely prepared to accept his word as pledging the Japanese Government, as far as his personal pledge can, to a policy of fair dealing in China. But even his moderate words show that, in his belief, China must accept Japan as the leader in East Asia and appreciate the motive of Japan's mission in the Far East. This sounds as if, in the last resort, China had no choice but to accept Japanese terms. We do not know precisely what those terms will be, but they are certain to include reciprocity in tariffs, commercial opportunities for Japan in China, and possibly political conditions designed to free China from any reliance on the Western Powers or on the League.

While the preliminary talks were under way in Tokyo and Nanking, while the statesmen and diplomatists of the two countries were, with profound courtesy, manoeuvring for position, the Japanese General Staff in Manchuria and the Japanese Navy in South China were taking their own measures. Several times in the past few months the Japanese Staff in Manchuria have given notice that, in their opinion, there must be a limit to the period of mere talk and that China might have to be reminded by a display of force that the Chinese would get nowhere by playing for time. The most recent of these military staff conferences is reputed to have decided that the Sino-Japanese problem could be left to diplomatic treatment until June, but that if no settlement had then been reached, the Army would act on its own discretion.

Meanwhile, what that discretion may imply has been shown at Swatow, in South China, where the Japanese Navy within the past few days landed 500 marines to overawe the local government and to enforce the Japanese demand of the right to build an enclosure for military purposes. What the actual rights and wrongs of this local incident are, it is impossible at this distance to determine. I certainly do not know. But the sinister feature in it is that one of the conditions which the Japanese Commander insisted on was that the Chinese local government should make no public reference to it, and that the Chinese Press should be prohibited from publishing it.

How does this concern us? If some new relation between China and Japan is created by a continuation of diplomacy and military pressure, the Powers whose relations with, and rights in, China rest upon a series of treaties stretching from 1842 down to 1922, will have to find out whether, and how far, their rights and their obligations are affected. These treaties have given the Powers certain rights, and the latest of them, signed at Washington, impose on them certain obligations. We all recognise that geography and history place Japan in a position different from any other Power; but the measure of that difference is also the measure of her moral responsibility to respect every legitimate right of the others, China first, and the Western Powers in the second place.

RADIO NEWS-REEL FEB. 18-24

A pictorial summary of the week's news, drawn from the broadcast News Bulletins

SUGGESTED RESERVATION OF MALVERN HILLS

Mr. Bernard Shaw has supported the suggestion which Mr. Stanley Baldwin made at the Worcestershire Association's dinner last week for the reservation of the Malvern Hills. In an interview, Mr. Shaw said: 'In a very short time, there won't be any Malvern Hills, because every day of the year they are blowing up the hills with dynamite and taking lumps out of them. . . . Apparently the stone is useful for making roads, so that in fact the Malvern Hills are getting scattered over the face of England and Wales'. The photograph (right) shows the British Camp, Malvern Hill

Photograph: Will F. Taylor



BRITISH SOLDIERS VISIT FRENCH BATTLEFIELDS

Following their evacuation of the Saar, men of the First Essex Regiment spent some time last week visiting Rheims and the Great War battlefields at the invitation of the French authorities



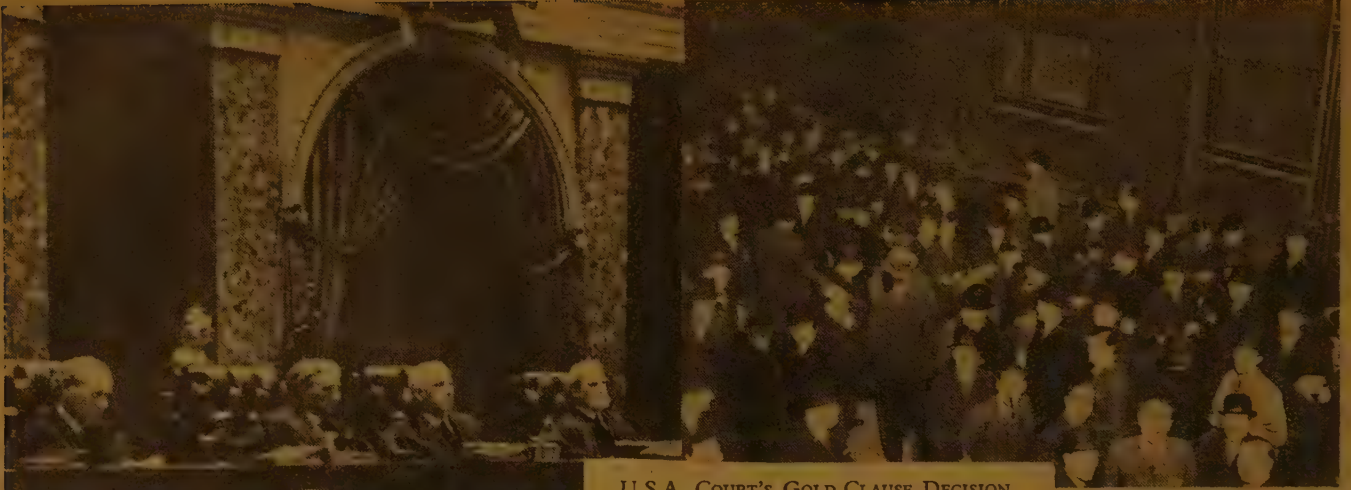
MUSSOLINI AT WORK

Italians walking near the Littorio Palace on February 19 were able to see Signor Mussolini working with a pickaxe on a roof-top. Some old houses which he considered to be an eyesore to the city were being demolished, and he set an example to the workers in beginning the work

LESSONS ON ROAD SAFETY

will soon become part of the syllabus of every elementary and secondary school as an outcome of discussions between the President of the Board of Education and the Minister of Transport. Details are being worked out and one possibility is the introduction of a child's version of the Highway Code. An official at the Ministry of Transport has stated that Sunderland's good record of freedom from fatal road accidents is partly attributed to school instruction





U.S.A. COURT'S GOLD CLAUSE DECISION

The long-awaited decision of the United States Supreme Court (left) in the so-called 'Gold Clause' cases, which was made public on February 18, partly supports and partly rejects Mr. Roosevelt's action in abrogating the necessity for private and Federal bonds to be repaid in gold dollars. It has ruled that he was right in saying that the Gold Clause does not apply in the case of private bonds; on the other hand, it lays down that the clause does apply in the case of Federal bonds. Private bonds, therefore, may now be paid off in paper dollars, whereas Federal bonds must be paid off in gold dollars, each one of which is equal to 1 dollar 69 cents paper. There was considerable excitement in Throgmorton Street, London (right), as soon as the decision was made known.



SMASHED SAFE

after burglars had visited the offices of the Printers' Provident Association and a number of other offices in a large commercial building in Charterhouse Street, London. It is the third time these particular premises have been raided in three years. There has been a serious epidemic of robbery in the London area recently, with the loss of many thousands of pounds in cash and goods.



'GHOST' TRAIN

A pneumatic-tyred streamlined rail-car driven by a petrol engine ran its trials over the L.M.S. main line on February 18. It has a maximum speed of 70 m.p.h., its pneumatic tyres causing it to run absolutely silently, and it carries spare tyres, as shown, underneath the rear of the coach. It is to be used on a service between Oxford and Cambridge.

NEW GERMAN FRONTIER

The Customs House at Simbach, between France and the Saar, was decorated with German and Nazi flags on February 18, when it was taken over by German officials amid scenes of rejoicing. One of the first people to pass through after this was M. Heimburger, the Governing Commission's Director of the Interior, who was stopped and ordered by the new officials to hand over all French newspapers. He refused to obey, and reported the matter to the authorities, who gave an understanding that there would be no more seizures.

TWO WOMEN SPIES TRIED AND BEHEADED IN GERMANY

This official notice informed Berlin of the fate of two women spies. It reads: 'The divorced Benita von Falkenhayn and Frau von Natzmer were sentenced to death on February 16 by the People's Tribunal for betraying military secrets. They are already executed as Chancellor Hitler declined to exercise his prerogative of mercy. The execution was carried out by beheading'. The two were the first women ever executed in peace time in Germany for a crime other than murder. Two other accused, Fräulein von Jena and a Polish subject, Baron von Sosnowski, were sentenced to penal servitude for life.

Zefannima



MOVEMENT OF ITALIAN TROOPS CONTINUES

Some of the troops which left Naples for Italian Somaliland. On February 19 it was estimated that over 6,000 troops were at sea on their way from Italy to Africa.



'MAJESTIC' DELAYED FOR A DAY

A south-westerly gale, prevented the *Majestic* from leaving Southampton on February 20. Eight tugs stood by to tow her out into the deep water channel, but as her side presents an area of three acres to a broadside wind, the attempt was thought to be too dangerous.

R.A.F. VICTIMS' FUNERAL

The funeral of the victims of the R.A.F. disaster in Sicily took place in Malta on February 18. The photograph shows the remains being transported to H.M.S. *Dunedin* for conveyance to Malta.





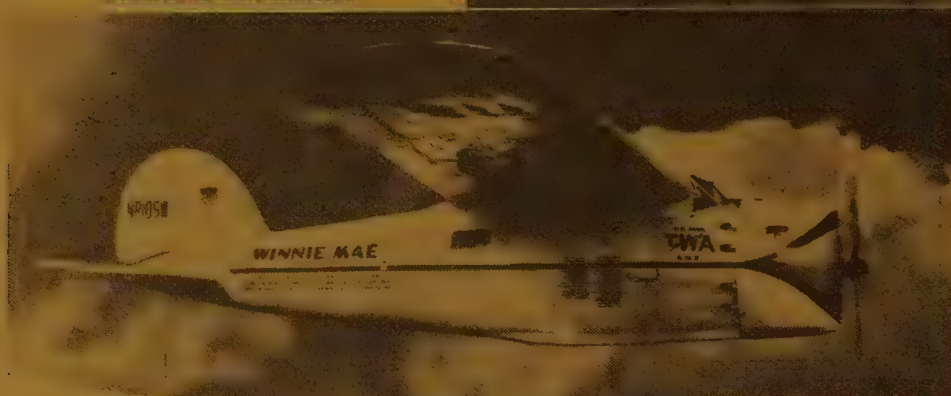
ANGLO-AUSTRIAN TALKS

The Austrian Chancellor, Dr. Schuschnigg, and his Foreign Minister arrived in London from Paris on February 23 for talks with British Ministers as a preliminary to official discussions between the Governments



THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR

Attendance has been so good this year that the doors had to be closed to the public twice last week at the White City. The total attendance of buyers there and at Olympia for the six days ending February 23 was nearly 69,000, an increase of over 6,000 on last year's figure. The photograph shows some Jubilee silver which is being exhibited



STRATOSPHERE FLIGHT ATTEMPT

Wiley Post, the one-eyed American airman, started from Los Angeles in his machine *Winnie Mae* on a stratosphere flight to New York. He was equipped with an oxygen suit and expected to fly at a height of 35,000 ft., and at a speed of 350 m.p.h. The chief purpose of his flight was to test the stratosphere possibilities for commercial aeroplanes, but he had to come down after covering about 125 miles. The *Winnie Mae* is the machine in which Post has twice flown round the world. He holds the record for this flight with a time of less than eight days



DEMONSTRATION AGAINST UNEMPLOYMENT REGULATIONS

On February 24, in Hyde Park, contingents of several thousand people took part in what was described as 'as peaceful a demonstration as the Park has ever seen'.

The demonstrators were addressed from several platforms and among the speakers was Mr. James Maxton, M.P., seen above (left). A resolution was passed against Part Two of the new Unemployment Act, which deals with the administration of unemployment assistance



FESTIVAL AT HANDEL'S BIRTHPLACE

The two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Handel was celebrated by a festival at Halle, Germany, on February 23. A number of official guests from the British Isles and from Italy were present and delivered addresses in the town hall. It has been discovered that for some two hundred years visitors have been paying respect to the wrong house in Halle as the composer's birthplace; but this year his house (left) has been definitely authenticated and a memorial tablet was unveiled there as part of the anniversary celebrations

The New Christendom

Sharing the Gospel by the Relief of Suffering

By FR. C. C. MARTINDALE

I DO not propose here to give statistics about missionary doctors, hospitals, and so forth, because that would convey no picture of this side of missionary life and would not get down to principles. Within the last 20 years or so, the medical side of missionary life has developed hundreds per cent. and has elicited as much heroism, in its way, as anything else has. Still, it is not this element that has been the pioneering one. What has sent missionaries forth has not been, primarily, pity for bodies, but love for souls.

Our underlying principle is this: Man is a unit: 'body-soul'. The wiser modern doctor, trying to heal a body, attends very much also to the mind. The Christian knows that Christ came to save the *whole man*. It is not, then, a sentimental humanitarianism only, touched by the sight of pain, that insists that the medical side of missions should be developed; nor yet a materialism that professes to know nothing about minds or souls and concentrates on drains.

Any student of human nature knows that if one or the other had to be sacrificed, you must never sacrifice the mental and spiritual side. But then neither need be sacrificed. Nor is it. If Christ worked His healing miracles as *signs*, as physical events pointing to something much more important than themselves, still, He worked them, and so did His Apostles, and His Church has never failed in her imitation of His care for suffering bodies. Our modern attention to this aspect of missionary work is, then, not due to the discovery of a new truth, but to the accessibility of better methods and of improved instruments.

One word on the health of the missionaries themselves. Enthusiasm alone does not qualify a missionary-candidate for his work. The less he stays in, for example, a coast-town on the whole among white people and with European facilities, but goes out in loneliness into swamps and jungles, or violent changes of temperature, the more carefully must he be selected and trained physically before starting. (Not but what three-quarters of our neurotics would be cured by some hard, continuous and unselfish work.) The accompanying chart has been made by the Catholic Society of the Holy Ghost for all Africa; since modern methods have been in existence, available, and used, the graph of missionary health has risen at an astounding angle. Self-sacrifice will always be required: but there is no point in being continuously sick if you need not be.

Second, no real missionary should go out devoid of some medical training. This can now be obtained at next to no cost at home, thanks to the generous co-operation of lay-experts. Nor should anyone sneer at 'amateur missionary doctors' and urge that the whole medical work should be taken over by government officials.

Vastness of the Problem

Such theorists neither realise the immensity of the areas concerned—Europe, Russia, Australia, India, could fit into Africa alone, and leave room for another India: nor yet do they picture the patchy density nor the mobility of the populations, the suddenness and virulence of illnesses and the need for coping with them on the spot, and the immeasurable numerical insufficiency of lay doctors or nurses. The only possible system in many areas is a very good central hospital, and then concentric circles, whose radius reaches ever further out into the uncivilised districts, having clinics of various sorts, stations to which the Natives of the district can easily

come, and finally, men, not professional doctors, who can render at least first aid. I remember a girl who fell off a tree and broke her neck—her head was right down between her shoulder-blades; she was wrapped up and was being carried out for dead; the whole kraal was in lamentation. The missionary priest was called to bury her: he found that her heart was still beating: the nearest doctor was 80 miles away and did not want to come even when, after delay of course, he had been reached by telephone. The priest did what he could. Enough to say, I watched that girl, afterwards, working in the fields.

When Mind Destroys Body

I myself found a Native obviously prepared to die, under a tree. I got him to the Mission hospital—but the priest there had had at least a preliminary medical training: the next few days

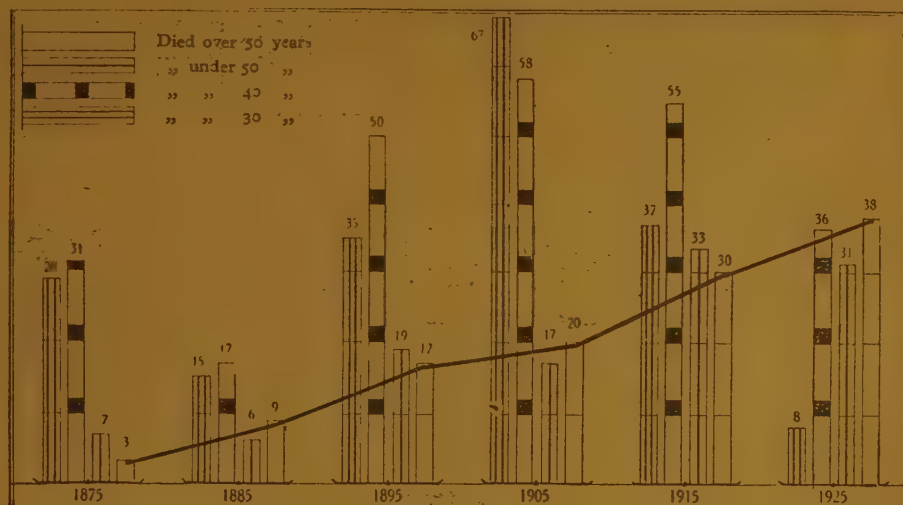


Chart showing mortality among missionaries in Africa

From 1845-1875 the average age at death of the 59 missionaries of the Catholic Society of the Holy Ghost in Africa was 31 years 6 months; from 1875-1910 (302 missionaries) 37 years 4 months; from 1910-1930 (329 missionaries) 46 years 6 months; in 1932, 48 years 7 months

were a fight with pneumonia and a lot more. He recovered—but if one had waited for an official. . . . By 'obviously prepared to die' I meant to allude to the suggestibility of whole classes of Natives, their power of persuading themselves, or being persuaded by tradition or the collective opinion of their tribe, that their fate is sealed; that witchcraft is involved, and so forth.

In one part of Africa a man going to earn his taxes in the mines puts a spell on his wife, so that anyone who seduces her swells up and dies. A panic-stricken Christian came to say he had thus seduced a woman and was due to swell up and die. 'Nonsense', said the missionary. But he began to swell up. Two white doctors were fetched to him. They said it looked like dropsy but was not, and could do nothing. He duly died, and the swelling vanished forthwith. This seems to be a lovely case of general hysterical oedema, if that is the technical word. Enough to say that unless we turn our attention almost at once to 'suggestibility', and set practically no limits to its power, and couple physical treatment with a studious investigation into mental presuppositions and conditions, we are sacrificing an almost unique supply of evidence. Europeanise the Native, and the whole thing will vanish. I suggest too that 'witchcraft', as they call it, should be taken very seriously, and that never should it at once be said that such and such a thing 'never happened' because it 'couldn't'. Students of such things would have to spend a very long time in native conditions, and they would have to be almost miraculously sympathetic, and wholly openminded. And parallel to the 'witch' or wizard, moves the witchdoctor. He is as good at poisoning as at heal-

ing; and when government officials distribute punishment, he, or the possibly unconscious suggestion he administers, the susceptibility of the person he is 'smelling out' or indeed of the whole group, have to be taken into account and increasingly are.

Native Knowledge and Physical Cures

Having mentioned poisons, let us beg, too, that traditional medicine, especially herbal, be not scorned. A wholesale destruction of knowledge and material for knowledge is actually going on in this department, too. We understand, and use, European medicine, which consists largely of drugs, disregarding and indeed not knowing of a great hereditary store of information about leaves, barks and so forth. Thus a Native was dying: the white doctor gave him up: a native girl went out in the dead of night and brought back a plant from the thick bush, and cured him in no time. What surprised me was that she had detected it in that dense tangle, and at night. Since then I have been led to think it was a sense of smell unsuspected by us—by us, who certainly do not suspect how strong the European can smell to native nostrils. I know of a native servant who fainted outright because of that, while waiting at a white dinner-party. White criticisms of the black, from this point of view, are then out of place.

Again, a white man suffering from appalling sciatica, for whom white doctors could do no more, and who foresaw nothing but an agonising crippledom for himself, had a native doctor introduced to him by his boy. This man made incisions with a rusty knife along the sciatic nerve, rubbed in some plant that he would not let the Europeans see—it was a secret of his immemorial trade—and absolutely cured the white man. Since then, I have been told by a surgeon that we ourselves are beginning to use, as treatment of sciatica, incisions along that nerve, and the injection of pure water. It is true that we do not use rusty knives—but the native body again seems able to resist infections that we could not, while succumbing to those we easily throw off, especially if they be invisible. I mean (speaking for parts of Africa—you will forgive me if I concentrate on what I am slightly less ignorant of than I am of other parts)—a man may easily succumb to a slight gastric chill, because he will think he has swallowed a devil and give up. On the other hand, if he sees his wound, he heals rapidly. Thus I was down a diamond mine in Kimberley where a man was working who, but a very few months before, was crushed by a fall of rock. Only his skull escaped because it was pushed down into a sort of rut between two stones. Half his bones were broken. Yet there he was, working freely.

An appreciation of mentalities other than ours therefore *always* helps, even though it does no more than exhibit to the missionary the true underlying cause of non-cures.

Overcoming Fatalism

Missionaries often meet with various forms of fatalism which cause medical treatment to be still more needful and difficult. In many Muhammadan countries you see children simply covered with metallic-blue-green flies, sucking at open sores or even eyes. But no-one brushes them away. Idleness, habitual dirt, and so forth, can account in part for this and the like: but also, a negative non-interference with facts. 'What happens, is bound to'. In place of the notion of inevitability, that of a *loving* power and providence has to be introduced. A special form of this fatalism is due to some beliefs in re-incarnation and in 'karma', which, whatever theory may be formed about it, means in practice a mechanical series of cause and effect, starting even in previous existences.

Thus even an Oriental Christian, reverting momentarily to hereditary emotions, may cry out: 'What can I have done, that I must suffer so terribly in this life?' This is essentially different from the Christian idea expressed by a sentence like: 'As a man sows, so shall he reap'. For again 'for those who love Him, God makes all things work together for good', 'even sins', adds St. Augustine. Here again, the *mind* must be changed, if the doctor is to have a real chance. We all know how an affectionate environment encourages a sick person, and how important it is for nurses and doctors, like school-teachers, to have a true vocation and not be doing a job merely for the pay's sake. Well, St. Paul puts as a *climax* to the process

of deterioration due to real paganism (and it is very noticeable in our modern paganism), a sort of un-affectionateness. Thus some Indians burst out laughing when a lady doctor took away an old woman to operate on her for cataract. 'She is old! she has got to die soon! Why trouble to make her see?' May no-one be so illogical as to think I am saying that all Indians, or all pagans, are unaffectionate! But paganism does often breed a hardening of the heart, especially when fatalism is prominent in a creed, where human life itself is not honoured, or where certain sections of humanity, like women or slaves, are disesteemed or thought of as existing only for the pleasure or profit of others. A missionary-doctor will have to contend with this underlying social view concerning the sufferer, as well as with any actual disease. He will often be resisted, or anyway not helped; and he may easily find that an appallingly over-developed sexuality in whole areas of the world joins in baffling him.

Many causes, historical and psychological, can be offered to account for actual misinterpretations of the meaning of the body and its powers; in some ancient religions, even ritual prostitution and a good deal of symbolism originated in mistakes and were ethically innocent, at any rate at first: but when the floodgates have been opened to instincts that ought to be controlled, and anti-natural perversions have become endemic, anyone can see that a real mental sickness has come about; nor will the physical diseases so rampant because of this be made away with, till the mind be changed. There are plenty of parallels in modern European life too. It should, moreover, be clear that education by itself will not help, unless it contains a firm moral code, explained and sanctioned by a clear religious belief. We ought to have learnt that by now.

I have a long list before me of missionary-medical books, published in various languages, but mostly in French. Information could, of course, be got from Edinburgh House or the Association for the Propagation of the Faith.

The Kingdom of God Comes First

Let us end with a few practical considerations. The fullest co-operation is needed amongst all. Doctoring is primarily the job of doctors; therefore the missionary should play the role of surgeon or doctor only where there are none. But since, as I said, there usually are none, the missionary should be surrounded with a group of assistants, nuns, brothers, or laymen, whose primary duty is the material side of missionary life, medicine included. All this should be backed by intensive preparation at home, and again I have before me names of institutes, schools, lectureships, etc., recently developed in practically every European country and the U.S.A. Many purely medical missions are, of course, studying, at close quarters, separate topics like sleepy sickness in the Congo, where the co-operation of the missionary is freely sought by the doctor and as freely given, for all recognise the enormous moral role that can be played by the missionary even in such a sickness as that. The cure of maternity illnesses and infant mortality again turns out to be at least half a moral affair. But you need, I repeat, the co-operation of trained skill with intuition that can be gained only on the spot, and both, with a sense of vocation, and its consequence, true affection for even the most revolting of your patients.

Therefore we pray that heroic love for, and understanding of, our fellowmen, and readiness to sacrifice self for them, are as strong as ever they were, and that priest and doctor will collaborate better than ever for the eternal and temporal well-being of those for whom the Son of God did not disdain to take flesh, and to live and die as man, and to rise in glory.

And indeed, the Catholic missionary, or doctor, knows perfectly well that there is worse than pain, or even physical death. Corporal works of mercy, as we should call doctoring, are valuable, and praised by our Lord Himself and used by Him; but, we repeat, they point further than themselves. If they do not, they eclipse supernatural salvation, and become an adequate end in themselves. They are not. In any case, the body will have to die. But the soul is immortal. The true missionary puts *first* the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and hard as he may labour to assist the suffering body-soul of man in this life, his ultimate aim is the well-being of the whole man in eternity, through Jesus Christ, their Lord no less than ours.

Round the Art Exhibitions



Deauville, le Départ des Régates, by Raoul Dufy, from the exhibition of Modern French Classics at the Lefèvre Galleries, which includes works by Bonnard, de la Fresnaye, Derain, Dufresne, Matisse, Modigliani, Picasso, Rêdon, Utrillo and Vuillard. Paintings by William Roberts and Fergus Graham are also on exhibition at the Lefèvre Galleries



Ibiza Harbour, from the recent exhibition of water-colours and oils by Frances Hodgkins at the Leicester Galleries



Morieuval, by Lascaux, a young French painter whose first English exhibition is now being held at the Mayor Gallery



Love's Emancipation, by Blair Hughes-Stanton, whose wood-engravings are on view at the Zwemmer Gallery



Charcoal drawing, by Mark Gertler, whose work is a special feature of the exhibition of water-colours and drawings, from the eighteenth to twentieth centuries, now in progress at Agnew's

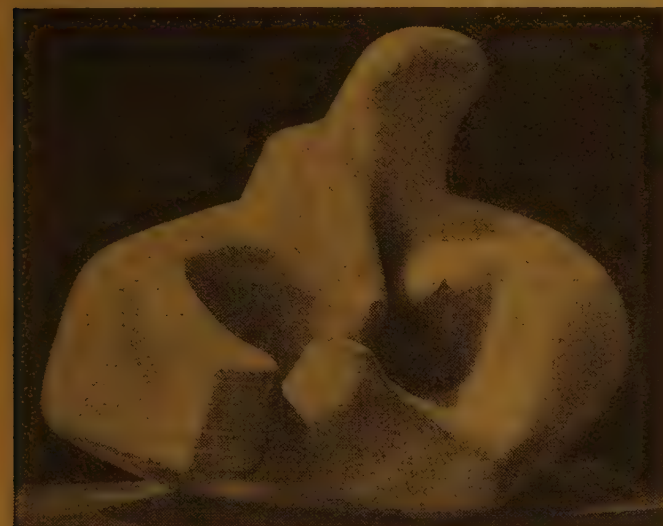
*The Artist and his Public**This Modernism*

A Discussion between ERIC NEWTON and SIR REGINALD BLOMFIELD

ERIC NEWTON: I am glad to have the opportunity of meeting the author of *Modernism*; I find it very stimulating, but I must confess that with many of the things you say in it I disagree heartily.

SIR REGINALD BLOMFIELD: I quite expect you to; but ask me any questions you like. I am prepared to stand by everything I said in that book.

NEWTON: I gather that you assess the value of the fine arts, painting and sculpture, according to their trueness to appear-



Examples of 'Modernism' in sculpture and painting chosen by Sir Reginald Blomfield: Composition by Henry Moore

By courtesy of Henry Moore

ance; and that one of your objections to modern art is that it has forsaken the truth and the light and delivered itself up to the powers of darkness and of lies. Or am I stating your case unfairly?

BLOMFIELD: It all depends what the 'trueness' is. If it is only photographic accuracy, I say certainly it is not the test. What interests me in a picture of a landscape is the landscape seen through another man's vision. This may deviate widely from the actual landscape, but if it is impossible to find any sort of resemblance between the subject and its presentation, it has for me no artistic value. Verisimilitude, a different thing from photographic accuracy, is as essential in painting as grammar is in prose. I am not in the least interested in photographic accuracy in works of art, but I do insist on some degree of intelligibility. If an artist, for example, wishes to present to me his version of a greyhound, he must present it to me in terms which will show what sort of an animal it is, what are its essential qualities, and which of those qualities he wishes to emphasise and reveal to others. It is no use his presenting me with a number of lines and scratches which look like a diagram of Euclid, or drawing him like an elephant with a mass of unrelated limbs suggesting a bundle of sausages. He must give me the essential quality of the greyhound, if I am to regard his version as a work of art. Even in the drawings of the cave-dwellers, one can grasp at once what it is the artist wished to present, because his drawings bear actual resemblance to the object that we see. Recollect that in graphic and plastic art the artist can only communicate his ideas to us through the eye, by the presentation of phenomena that we see and know, and whatever else he may wish to convey to us, some sort of verisimilitude, not necessarily complete, is indispensable. It is one of the worst mistakes of Modernism that it ignores the limits of the arts, and attempts to express in painting, sculpture, and in a less degree in music, ideas that can only be expressed in terms of letters.

NEWTON: Then I take it your main objection to what you call 'Modernism' is that artists nowadays do not make themselves intelligible?

BLOMFIELD: It is one of many objections that I have. I don't want photographic accuracy, but I do ask for intelligibility, and that involves technical competence in the artist.

NEWTON: Would you say that, on the whole, modern art is incompetent?

BLOMFIELD: Nothing of the sort, because I discriminate between what I have attacked as Modernism and the true and right Modernism. I have a high opinion of the competence of many artists who are Modernists. The people I am up against are the deliberate extremists, who 'pose as the creators of methods of presentation which were never dreamt of in the past, because they are a contradiction in terms; of these men I say that they are either incompetent, or are endeavouring to bluff the public. Their latest slogan is 'unintelligibility'. Here is M. Henri Barranger who explains the ideals of Superrealism. 'Its aim', he says, 'is recreating, which will be in no way inferior to mental derangement. Its ambition is to lead us to the edge of madness and make us feel what is going on in the magnificently disordered minds of those whom the community shuts up in asylums'. Here you have it at length, a concise statement of what many of us have long foreseen, that the end of 'Modernism' is the madhouse. I gave two or three examples of this in my little book *Modernism*, which you have reproduced in your pamphlets.

NEWTON: But even the Superrealists, whose desire is to build



Composition by Vulliamy

Editions Abstraction Création

up a fantastic, illogical, dream-like world, may be perfectly sincere and earnest men trying to find a new outlet and a new means of expression through their art.

BLOMFIELD: But that is just where they are wrong. Each art has its own conditions, its own limits, and these men are using the wrong medium. They are trying to express in terms of painting or sculpture things which can only be expressed in terms of writing. They may or may not be sincere, but sincerity or excellence of intention does not necessarily mean excellence in art. It is recognised that 'Hell is paved with good intentions'; it all depends on the man himself whether the sincere expression of his thought does or does not result in good art. A dull man, a commonplace man, or a nasty-minded man,

may be perfectly sincere and intensely anxious to express himself, but how if what he feels is not worth expressing? Moreover, the most admirable intention is of little use without the ability to express it, and this again is where Modernism fails, its lamentable deficiency in technique. Its drawing is bad, very often impossible, its colour ugly, its modelling incredibly clumsy. Some of the best known exponents of Modernism appear to take pains to conceal any technical ability they may have ever possessed.

NEWTON: You paint a terrible picture, Sir Reginald. Such a state of things will surely very soon bring about its own ruin. People won't buy such art.

BLOMFIELD: Not at all. Have we not been reading lately in one of our evening papers that works by M. Picasso have changed hands at between two and three thousand pounds? Super-realism on the contrary seems to be a very paying proposition. If you can once get the leading sheep to turn its head the right way, all the rest will follow. If the Modernist will change his ideas of art, so much the better; perhaps better still if he devotes his energies to some other calling, for we have gone wrong in our ideas of the artist. In the old days when the arts really meant a great deal, and there existed a public that cared for them, nobody set out to be an artist who did not feel an irresistible impulse to express himself in art and possessed a real capacity to do so. Nowadays, we multiply schools of art, and well-intentioned committees of amateurs, but we fail to recognise the fact that the true artist, like the true poet or musician, is very rare, one alone in the countless crowd.

NEWTON: But surely every age has produced its crowd of mediocrities. Don't you think we are apt to consider that the art of past ages consisted entirely of masterpieces simply because only the masterpieces have survived?

BLOMFIELD: Yes, that is true and must be taken into account, but I should be extremely surprised if the products of Modernism survive, say, one generation.

NEWTON: After all, the ultimate test of worth in art is that it gives pleasure, and there are plenty of people who get pleasure out of the more extreme forms of modernist art.

BLOMFIELD: No doubt, and so they do out of accounts of murders, assaults and battery. I don't by any means agree that the ultimate test of art is that it gives pleasure. That is the ultimate test of a good dinner, for example, a good cigar, or a good wine; a fine work of art has a far wider range. It starts within us a whole series of emotions which we feel, but which are in fact not covered by words, however eloquent, because it is impossible to translate into the written or spoken word what is conveyed to us in terms of painting or sculpture. The emotion roused in us by serious art is something much deeper than simple pleasure. Many have tried to define the æsthetic emotion, but they seem to me to be playing with words, because I believe it to be indefinable. The longer I live the more I see the futility of this; the more I realise the limitless extent of the subconscious and the indefinable, the innumerable problems of thought and life that we must be content to leave unsolved.

NEWTON: That seems to me simply another way of saying that the ultimate test of art is the pleasure it gives us. What I call 'pleasure', you call the 'æsthetic emotion'. But doesn't it finally boil down to the question of what beauty really is? You find Modernism ugly. I find much of it excitingly beautiful, and I can only conclude that there is no real test of beauty because beauty is just the expression of the artist's æsthetic excitement. If I share that excitement and you don't, then I think his work beautiful and you think it ugly.

BLOMFIELD: Your assertion that there is no test of beauty is partly true, but largely false. That it is impossible to lay down in exact terms what beauty is, and what a work of art must be if it is to be called beautiful, we all admit. There is no precise yard-measure in art, and in the Palace of Art, as in the City of God, there are many mansions. There are many instances of change of fashion, but this is not the same thing as a change in considered opinion. After discounting fashions and ephemeral crazes, there remains a solid residuum of agreement as to what the world has and has not cared for in the arts. Titian is still a great painter, though our modern amateurs may prefer the works of Picasso and Matisse.

NEWTON: Aren't you forgetting that this residuum of agreement you have just mentioned only applies to the art of the past? Contemporary critics have almost always disagreed. You will know as well as I do how the pre-Raphaelites were attacked in their day, how Beethoven and Wagner were called 'noisy' and 'unintelligible' by their contemporaries. The *Times* critic called Turner's 'Ulysses and Polyphemus' picture 'a piece of

unnatural tawdriness' when it was first exhibited. I can see no reason why our judgment (yours and mine) on Picasso should be more infallible than his was on Turner.

BLOMFIELD: That is an ingenious and familiar point, Mr. Newton, but there is a fallacy in it. Not one of the great men whom you mention turned his back on the past, and claimed that he was going to create a new world out of his inner consciousness. They were all content to carry on from the point at which their forerunners had left it, and this is the vital difference between Turner and Constable on the one hand, and Picasso and Matisse on the other; but the real point at issue between us is, 'Is there such a thing as absolute beauty?' You say there is not, that beauty is as men see it, that it is entirely relative, and that, in this matter, every man is a law to himself. To which I reply, that this means chaos, and that the result is seen in the work of the Superrealists, who actually exalt the productions of the madhouse as the last word of art. If this is really so, the sooner we have done with it the better. I do not profess to offer any specification of beauty. It is useless to point to any one work or any one artist, painter, sculptor, or architect as the standard: that is the mistake of revivalists and copyists. I can only offer a theory as to the meaning of beauty, and if I seem to be going off the deep end, recollect that this theory is not original, because it is based on the philosophy of Plato who held that there exists an archetype of beauty, of which the visible beauty that we see is but an imperfect presentation, and this archetype, this idea of beauty, is something far removed from the physical world, yet it is always there, ever to be sought for and dimly seen in proportion to man's spiritual endowment. It is only on this theory that any standard of values is possible. I hold that the Platonic idea of beauty is the best working hypothesis, both for the practice and the criticism of art: that is to say that beauty is absolute in the sense that what is once beautiful is always beautiful, given the necessary intelligence to find it and see it. Beauty is a quality, not one that we can put into terms, but one that we all of us feel in proportion to our receptivity. The man of genius may catch a glimpse of it, but he knows better than anyone else that his ideal is still beyond him.

NEWTON: You have just said that beauty is a quality we all feel in proportion to our receptivity, and yet you deny to the modern artist the power to create beauty, and to the modern critic the capacity to be receptive to it. Wouldn't it be fairer to both to give them the benefit of the doubt? To say in effect: 'I personally cannot see beauty in Picasso or Matisse; you apparently can, but that proves nothing either way. Only time will show which of us is right?'

BLOMFIELD: No, I am not prepared to accept that easy way out. It leaves things just as they were, when in fact we differ fundamentally in our conceptions of an artist. You regard him as irresponsible, entitled to do anything he likes without regard to the conditions of the art in which he is working—a man who repudiates all standards. I say that the artist is one who sees more clearly and more intensely than others, and reveals to them beauties that they would never otherwise have seen. He is not a mountebank or a juggler, but in his way a seer, showing the way to those of lesser vision.

NEWTON: Yet these Modernists are admired by many people.

BLOMFIELD: Yes, that is because their fantastic experiments make better copy than work on traditional lines. Pictures, for example, like one recently exhibited which had a piece of newspaper pasted in the centre, give a grand opportunity for the art critic to tie himself into knots, in his endeavour to explain their meaning.

NEWTON: But my receptivity may be different from yours, and why am I not as likely to be right as you?

BLOMFIELD: Of course nobody is infallible, especially in the arts, where feeling has so much to do with it; but let me point out a real difference in our attitude in this matter. You assume that art has completely altered its orientation, that now and in future representationism is finished, artists will extract ideas from their mental and physical states and present them to us in diagrams and symbols, having no relation to any visible phenomena. To which I say that the sun still shines, the wind is in the sky, and there are beautiful things in the world which man has always cared for and always will, and that it is the business of the artist to convey his ideas to us by presentations of these, and not by abstract diagrams and shapeless forms. If I may use your own phrase in another sense, your man proposes to start from scratch; mine, like the runners in the Lampadephoria, takes the lamp from the man behind him and hands it on to the man who will be waiting ahead.

NEWTON: How do you account for this sudden outburst of

ugliness and incompetence? The history of art does not seem to provide us with any other instance of a whole section of the art-producing community suddenly going off the rails like that. If you are right, then there must be a reason. Can you explain it?

BLOMFIELD: In every period there is always a rebellious element, a good deal to its advantage, because it is only by throwing overboard outworn conventions that art advances, and this is the meaning of Modernism rightly understood. Modernism, on the contrary, 'sacks the lot' and affects to start on its own, though it has no compass to guide it, no tradition to help it by analogy. I attribute Modernism, the revolt against the past, and all that it must mean, not to any heaven-inspired instinct of regeneration, but to the lack of intellectual discipline in the generation that has grown up since the War. It is impatient of restraint, and nurses the vain idea that the world can start all over again and that the Modernist can start it. It follows from that assumption that there is no need to study any sort of history, and so the Modernist sets out to recreate the world in blind ignorance of the accumulated experience of man. It is not Modernism that is wrong, but its misuse and perversion. All these crude experiments will go their way, and in due course the arts will again become the adequate expression of some of the permanent instincts and emotions of man.

NEWTON: You have certainly stated your opinions with some force, but you have not by any means convinced me. Your statement that art progresses by rejecting the bad and inheriting the good from the past, seems to me like saying that art is like a difficult mathematical problem to which we shall one day find the right answer by rejecting all the wrong answers of previous mathematicians and copying down all the successful portions of their attempts at a solution. Art, in my view, isn't a thing

that gradually improves itself, but a thing that gradually changes its outlook. And just at present it is undergoing an exceptionally sudden and radical change. Unless we can change our own preconceived ideas about it as well, it will seem unintelligible and mad. I am quite certain that to Raphael, a nineteenth-century Impressionist picture would have seemed quite unintelligible and mad. To us, it is simply the expression of an æsthetic discovery which Raphael and his generation had not yet made. Your reply has not shaken my faith in the æsthetic discoveries of today. I can only say 'Time will show which of us is right'. Time and posterity have frequently reversed contemporary judgments, and the same thing will undoubtedly happen again. Neither of us can convict the other of error, because the thing we are arguing about is not capable of mathematical proof. But when two sincere and honest people like ourselves disagree, wouldn't it be more charitable to suspend judgment?

BLOMFIELD: Well, I fear we are where we started. Your ingenious comparison of the arts to mathematics is, if I may say so, not quite sound. The technique of mathematics has not altered. Though it may be constantly aiming at fresh results, two and two still make four. The technique of art has not varied till the irruption of Modernism. The human form has still two legs though Zadkine would give it three. However, it is time we closed down. I congratulate you on the manner in which you have presented your position, and I agree with you that time will solve this problem. It is unsafe to prophesy, but I do not think it will be necessary to wait for a hundred years for the solution. I see already signs of a reaction; people will tire of what they cannot understand and artists will resume the standpoint that has guided art from time immemorial. If I may venture an opinion, one generation will see the end of this crazy movement.

Microphone Miscellany

Some extracts from recent broadcasts

Revolution with a New Technique

CHRISTIANITY DEMANDS A MORAL revolution, but it just as certainly demands an economic one as well. If everybody in the world became converted to Jesus Christ most of our ills would disappear, but let us be realists. There isn't the slightest prospect that by individual evangelism the world as a whole will accept Christianity in your lifetime or mine. Are we then to leave little children in slums until all landlords become Christians? Are we to acquiesce in wars until every would-be soldier is filled with love for his enemy? Are we to say nothing to the politicians of today because we hope that their successors in future generations will all be saints? I refuse to wait and I am certain that I have the warrant of the Master for this impatience. As Evelyn Underhill has said, 'We can't sit down and be devotional whilst acquiescing in conditions which make it impossible for other souls even to obey the moral law'. We can't ask an unemployed man to love God as a Father until we have shown him that there is a place set for him at the Family table. Love in a cottage may be a splendid reality—love in one room for a family of five or more is well-nigh an impossibility. Telling the truth is a magnificent virtue: to a shop assistant under modern business conditions it often becomes a mockery. The Church of Christ, as I understand, is commissioned by its Lord to challenge not only the sins of the individual but the whole world order, economic and political, which stands between us all and the realisation of the Kingdom, to attack everything which checks the soul's spiritual energy. It is to be the heaven which revolutionises the lump. The first Christian community was attacked not because its adherents refrained from blasphemy and lying and dissipation, but because it threatened the very foundations of the Roman Empire in which it lived. The great mediæval church with its Guilds and 'Just Price' and Usury Laws proclaimed a Christendom that cut right across the political and economic institutions that were growing up around it. As for not believing in revolution, you read the 'Magnificat'—why it puts even the Communist Manifesto in the shade. You may condemn Christians today for not doing their real job, you can't say that it isn't there at the heart of all they ought to believe. But Christianity is revolution with a new technique—to overcome evil with good—to believe that love and trust and sacrifice are weapons which are perfectly effective to achieve all the results that men have tried and failed to secure by terror

and the sword, because they are the weapons of God. Just as the early Christians in the words of Dr. Glover 'outlived and outdied' their heathen contemporaries, so realism for me is the promise of the Kingdom of God to those who believe in the explosive and revolutionary forces of love. This spiritual dynamic carries with it a policy just as explicit as the programmes of violence and will be infinitely more effective.

DONALD O. SOPER

Women of Turkey

IN OLD TURKEY—and when I say Old Turkey, I mean the Turkey that was still in existence as late as twelve years ago—the restrictions to personal freedom and manifold disabilities imposed on woman kept her in a state of complete inferiority and protracted tutelage. No male must see her face and hair, except her husband and nearest relatives. She was allowed to appear in hardly any public place but the street, and even there she had to go enshrouded in a heavy black garment that hampered her every step and gesture, and she had to wear on her face a veil, maybe not quite thick enough to stifle her, but mostly thick enough to blind her to anything but a dim, starlit night vision of the outside world. You could see her groping along from one home-prison to another with the awkward scared movements of a night bird thrown out into the sunshine. If her veil or garment was not deemed thick enough or ample enough, or if she had dared to raise her veil too often or too completely to catch glimpses of the world, the police were entitled to interfere and nasty complications might ensue. Of course she was not allowed to go out after curfew time, when checking her became less easy. The homes of Old Turkey were divided into two parts, as though by a water-tight partition. The part reserved for women had its windows equipped with wood lattices, that would pretty successfully ward off light and sunshine, so that a fusty atmosphere and permanent twilight would prevail in the rooms. And then, there was polygamy, little practised, it is true, in the last decades of Old Turkey, chiefly owing to economic reasons, but the mere theoretical existence of which could not but be degrading to Turkish womanhood.

I know there are Western travellers and writers who fell in love with old Turkish life and wrote books in praise of its romantic and picturesque features. They were fond of watching

the women fleeting like black masks along the walls or peeping from behind their lattices—and their imaginations ran riot. They were fond of the rotten old social organisation in just the same way as they were fond of the hordes of masterless dogs that used to roam the streets of Istanbul, and of the Old Bridge over the Golden Horn, with its mouldering disjointed boards. To them it was just an unusual sight, a charming, exciting, nerve-tickling holiday-cruise experience; but to the Turks themselves whose family life was disorganised by absurd regulations, whose night rest was troubled by howling dogs, and who, having to cross the Old Bridge twice a day, had their heels torn from their boots and their walking-sticks snapped in their hands, it was a permanent bitter, paralysing, exasperating evil. Some have thought that this unjust and impossible state of affairs must soon come to an end—was, as it were, bound to change of itself. But such optimism is belied by facts.

Kemal Atatürk, President of the Turkish Republic and a great reformer, began by encouraging the outward liberty of woman and her social intercourse, on all occasions. Patiently but with unswerving tenacity he insisted on her removing her veil and her sack-like outdoor garment. This was a hard fight indeed: many women themselves and their menfolk clung to them with the force of prejudice and education—or rather the lack of it. But the new fashion sponsored by a man enjoying so unique a prestige spread steadily and the battle of the veil was won. Then came the adoption of the Swiss Civil Code, which ensured the equality of the sexes in social status as well as family rights.

The next step was the granting to women of the Municipal Vote and Eligibility. Thus they started on their social and political apprenticeship. This was some time ago. Meanwhile, all university careers and all professions were being thrown open to women and the secluded phantom of yore became more and more a present and indispensable element in economic and social life. There are by now in Turkey ever increasing numbers of women judges, lawyers, doctors, artists, teachers, diplomats, actresses, police and airwomen. The women of Turkey are entering freely on all the careers that were hitherto considered the exclusive domain of man. They are carrying on with their companions, in all equality and harmony, an ever closer and more active co-operation in the economic social and cultural life of the nation.

The news that has lately reached the English public, that the woman of Turkey had obtained the political rights still denied to many of her Western sisters and that seventeen Turkish women would this year sit in Parliament, is the crowning event in her short but hard struggle for emancipation under the aegis of the great reformer President.

V. ZEKI

The Gold Clause

Broadcast on February 18

OWING TO CURRENCY UNCERTAINTIES over a period of forty years between the Civil War and the passage of the Gold Standard Act in 1900, it gradually became the practice in America to insert into long-term contracts a clause calling for payment in United States gold dollars of standard weight and fineness, or calling for payment in the United States gold dollars of the fineness of the date of the contract, and so on. The implication clearly was that if the weight of the United States dollar was to alter in the future, then the creditor had the right to call on the debtor to pay more in the new dollars than he would have had to pay in the old dollars. These clauses became known as 'Gold Clauses', and the question which the Supreme Court has had to decide is simply this: whether Congress has the right to abrogate such clauses by means of special legislation.

In the last two years two important things have happened. In March, 1933, the Gold Standard was abandoned for the time being, and was not restored until January, 1934, but the gold standard of 1934 is a very different thing from the old standard which existed before March, 1933, because the new American dollar is 40 per cent. lighter than the old American dollar, and of course the question which arose was, whether the old Gold Clause which called for payments in old dollars should simply be neglected and whether payments should be tendered in the new dollars of January, 1934.

The second thing was that in June of 1933 Congress passed what is called a Joint Resolution, which stated two things. Firstly, it prohibited the use of the Gold Clause in future contracts, and secondly, it provided that in old contracts, any payments could be made in any money, whether it was lighter or

heavier than the old money which was legal tender for the time being, and the Supreme Court's decision today is really concerned with the period, the legality, and the constitutionality of the Joint Resolution of June 6, 1933.

The net effect is ordinarily speaking this: first, the judgment of the Supreme Court upholds the right of Congress to abrogate Gold Clauses in all private contracts. Second, the Supreme Court seems to have denied the right of Congress to abrogate the Gold Clause so far as Government contracts are concerned, so that in effect, nobody can recover from the Government in the future: broadly, Roosevelt has won all along the line.

PROFESSOR T. E. GREGORY

British Industries Fair

MANY PEOPLE TALK of the British Industries Fair as an exhibition. It is nothing of the kind. An exhibition is non-competitive, and is confined to exhibits of the principal industries of the country exhibiting. A Fair such as this is essentially different. Every one of the stands represents individual manufacturers, who are in active competition one with another; but can be said to have two things in common: first to show the best of their own particular goods, in the hope that those goods will attract every kind of buyer and that before long those goods will be going to all four corners of the earth. The second thing they have in common is to see that their goods are well worthy of this country, and that what they sell is up to the sample shown.

There are exhibits in various stands of many things which might be called luxuries. But all these are bringing grist to the mill, and giving employment; and, as Mr. Runciman has said, what were luxuries twenty years ago are becoming necessities now. But these particular exhibits are small compared to the great bulk of goods that are shown at Olympia and the White City. In both these places you will see goods exhibited for the benefit of overseas buyers, some of whom have been travelling for weeks simply to spend a fortnight here giving orders for goods that will last them till the Fair next year.

The British Industries Fair is by far the greatest national Fair in the world, and is the chief meeting-place for buyers of all nations. The six hundred exhibitors of twenty years ago are now sixteen hundred; the Fair does not include all the heavy goods which were included in the first Fair, but these will be exhibited in their own section of the Fair in Birmingham in May. Now, that figure must tend to show you what an enormous advantage, from a publicity point of view, the British Industries Fair is to the industrial world in this country; the increase would never have come if those who exhibit had not realised the world-wide publicity the Fair secures for their goods. To my mind, publicity is an essential ally to salesmanship, and goods well shown, are goods half sold.

To whom should be given credit for the initiation of this enterprise? Unhesitatingly I say, to the Commercial Intelligence Branch of the Board of Trade, now as then, under the aegis of Mr. Runciman, who is the Minister responsible for the Fair. The Commercial Intelligence Branch is now the Department of Overseas Trade, presided over by Colonel Colville to whom a deep debt of gratitude is due for the hard work he puts in for the Fair. Then the Civil Servants, who worked day in and day out to overcome difficulties which seemed almost insuperable. Then the exhibitors. The first exhibitors took risks, but I believe the risks they took have been justified.

Last, but certainly not least, I would place our own Royal Family, as one of the chief causes of the Fair's success. His Majesty the King has always given the Fair his blessing. Her Majesty the Queen has been indefatigable, not only in visiting Olympia and the White City and being thoroughly interested in the various stands that she visited, but has by her well-chosen purchases and her patronage increased the sale of many articles a hundredfold. To the Prince of Wales the Fair is also deeply indebted. If it had not been for his advocacy the exhibits of men's clothing, now a very marked feature, would never have existed. To the Duke and Duchess of York we are equally deeply indebted. There is never a year that they do not pay the Fair at least one visit, and I can personally vouch for the good that those visits have done. To the other members of the Royal Family, our grateful thanks are also due.

The White City is decorated with 50,000 yards of cloth made from Indian cotton. May I express a hope that this gesture of goodwill to the Indian cultivator should be reciprocated by equal goodwill on his part to British manufacturers?

EARL OF DERBY

Standard Currencies of the World



- | | |
|---|--|
| Countries having successfully maintained or re-established the Gold Standard. | Countries keeping in theory Gold Money Levels, but having instituted a system of embargo against Gold and of control of Exchanges, exclusive of the Gold Standard. |
| Countries which have left the Gold Standard. | |
| Silver Standard. | Money controlled internally. |

Music

Some Thoughts on Bellini

By FRANCIS TOYE

THIS is the centenary year of the death of Vincenzo Bellini, who died in Paris on September 23, 1835. The event has been commemorated in Italy by performances throughout the peninsula not only of his three masterpieces, 'Norma', 'La Sonnambula' and 'I Puritani' but of lesser known works such as 'I Capuleti ed i Montecchi' and even of semi-experimental works like 'Il Pirata'. It was a fine gesture on the part of the Italian Government thus to honour the dead musician; I only wish that we could hope that our Government would sometimes think of doing something of the kind on behalf of English composers.

It is scarcely surprising that the centenary of Bellini should so far have passed quite unnoticed in this country. Apart from a few boyish excursions into ecclesiastical music Bellini wrote nothing but operas; and of these only one, 'Norma', is as much as known by name to, let us say, two music-lovers out of ten. Everything that he stood for is dead and the ideals of those who were in reaction against him and his school are the ideals currently accepted by musicians, whether professional or amateur.

Nevertheless, Bellini remains a composer of great, if not supreme, significance, and I think that some people may be glad to know a little more about him than may be gleaned from the somewhat cursory and dry accounts in musical dictionaries. He was as a matter of fact one of the most romantic figures in the whole history of music. His tragic death at the early age of thirty-four in a foreign country; his beauty—for of all the composers he was, I should say, the best looking—and his amorous successes make of him a figure calculated to appeal to sentiment and imagination alike. I hear that they are making a film of his life to be called 'Casta Diva' after that lovely song in 'Norma' with which Ponselle delighted us at Covent Garden a few years ago. It should possess many elements of popularity.

Bellini's life may be summarised as consisting of love-affairs and music. He was passionately in love at least five times; twice in his youth, the first object of his affections being a little seamstress, the second the daughter of a Neapolitan magistrate. Later there was the lady who inspired 'La Sonnambula', Giuditta Turina, and a little later still or even concurrently, came the two leading prima donnas of the day, Grisi and Malibran. These last two ladies helped to make his operas famous throughout Europe. It is scarcely surprising therefore that the husband of yet a third prima donna, Pasta, was so suspicious of the composer (though it appears without reason) that he ruined the first performance of 'Norma' by making a jealous scene in his wife's dressing room half-an-hour before the performance!

Bellini was a passionate rather than a devout lover. Some say that he never really forgot the girl to whom he gave his first innocent and youthful affections, but that appears to me too romantic an explanation. The more probable truth is that the real love of Bellini, first, last and all the time, was music, and that all these ladies, even, or especially, the superlatively gifted Malibran, were but the hand-maidens to the real mistress of his heart. They provided the stimulus without which Bellini was powerless, apparently, to create. But the facility with which they entered into the succession suffices to prove that Bellini (doubtless, all unconscious) regarded them as a means rather than an end.

The similarity between the fortunes and characters of Bellini and Chopin is striking, but few people in this country realise, perhaps, how great was the influence exercised by the Sicilian on the Pole. Chopin's music is full of Bellini and is indeed unintelligible historically unless that fact be taken into consideration. In all probability Chopin loved Bellini's music more than any other, as is indeed attested by his dying wish to be buried by Bellini's side.

But Chopin was not the only great composer who found himself irresistibly drawn to the sweet Bellinian cantilena. When Wagner was a young man at Riga, he went into ecstasies

over the 'solemn, grandiose character of "Norma", wherein all the passion which his Song so majestically transfigures thereby obtain a majestic background', while he was scarcely less enthusiastic about 'I Capuleti ed i Montecchi'. I have been told that Wagner never really changed his mind; and this would not surprise me, for, despite the marvellous sense of characterisation shown in Wagner's melodic invention, his melody is short-winded, while the outstanding characteristic of Bellini's melody is its long-windedness. The length of a Bellini tune is one of the most remarkable as well as one of the most delightful things in music.

Viewing Bellini after all these years, how, precisely, shall we rate him and his music? Some of us are in reaction against the school of music that reacted so sharply against him, yet the conventions of his time remain entirely alien to most. Clearly, he cannot be ranked among the greatest composers; his muse is too feminine, his personality too invertebrate. Moreover, it would be idle to deny that his operas as a whole are defective as regards rhythmical vitality, and that we are often left with an impression of monotony. Neither his harmonic scheme nor his treatment of the orchestra is in any sense individual, though, had he lived, it seems probable that these deficiencies might have been remedied, for his last opera, 'I Puritani', where he had the benefit of the advice and stimulus of Rossini, shows a decided advance in both respects.

Nevertheless, leaving all speculation aside, there remains a substantial balance to be placed on the credit side of Bellini's account. Exactly how much that is to be depends on the value placed solely upon melody as such, for Bellini remains first and foremost a melodist. It must not be imagined for one moment that he attached this exceptional importance to the vocal line from mere ignorance or incapacity. Bellini, as a young man, studied Mozart and Haydn with assiduity, and, we are told, greatly loved the symphonies of Beethoven; a love which is to some extent reflected in certain pages of 'Norma'. If he chose to concentrate attention on the melodic line, he did so quite deliberately, in accordance with the dictates of his personality, because this seemed to him of paramount importance. No praise could be too high for Bellini's melodies. Of their type they represent some of the most beautiful and the most pure musical concepts imaginable. Their sheer length has already been commented upon. But more remarkable still, perhaps, is that elegiac quality, so tender, so insinuating, which everyone who knows Bellini recognises at once as particularly and exclusively his own. The music allotted to the tenor in the last act of 'I Puritani', the spontaneous lyricism of 'La Sonnambula', the often austere beauty of 'Norma', all these are the products of a genius not often met with in the history of music. Even a more or less experimental work like 'Il Pirata' occasionally touches great heights, notably in the trio in the penultimate scene. I cannot speak of the other operas because I do not know them.

The main obstacle to any revival of appreciation of Bellini today is that his music requires perfect singing. Indeed it is primarily singer's music. No instrument can do proper justice to the implications latent in Bellini's melodic line; it requires the subtle differentiations of which the human voice alone is capable. Unfortunately, the human voice, except in the rarest of instances, no longer seems capable of achieving the necessary plasticity of expression. Bellini's music is far more difficult to sing than that of Rossini or Verdi. A technical competence long-since vanished from the world must be taken for granted before the singer can even hope to do justice to its superfine shades of expression. So I fear that it must be regarded as dead, but that is no reason why we should not pay a salute to its many lovely qualities.

A list of B.B.C. publications, including pamphlets, may be obtained free on application to the B.B.C. Publications Department, Broadcasting House, London, W.1.

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns. Preference will be given to letters which do not employ a *nom-de-plume*.

Keeping Up the Price of Tin

The article on 'Keeping up the Price of Tin', by J. W. F. Rowe, is almost flawless in its impartiality, and it deals with factors which were not in evidence when I gave a broadcast talk on 'Tin in the British Empire' soon after the Tin Producers Association was formed, owing to the fact that the world-slump lowered the price of metallic tin to a point that involved working nearly every tin area at home and abroad at a loss. It is all the more regrettable, therefore, that Mr. Rowe should close on a highly controversial note, implying that the present world-price of tin is unjustifiable, because certain low-cost properties in Malaya are more favourably situated than almost any other part of the world. Mr. Rowe says that 'when the well-known Chairman of one of the biggest tin mining companies in Malaya assures him that the East could produce at a profit all the tin required by the world at £100 a ton, and he is paying £230, the manufacturer rather naturally considers that the price of stability is altogether too high, and that the tin restriction scheme is nothing more nor less than a grasping monopoly. Even if this figure of £100 is really too low, even if we raise it by 50 per cent., the present price seems from the consumer's point of view little short of outrageous'.

It is more than dubious that the East could produce 130,000 tons of metallic tin, without loss, at £100 a ton, although some single properties could produce a ton at £60 a ton. But that is not the alternative. Even if the Government were willing to allow Cornwall (with its lode mines) again to become a wilderness, with all its miners idle; even if a temporary monopoly were given to Chinese, British and other owners of low-cost properties in the East, the Bolivian, Dutch East Indies, Nigerian, Siam, Belgian Congo and other Governments would resist such monopoly; the old dog-fight would be resumed; and tin would probably drop to £50 a ton, with wreckage of millions of capital, loss of interest on investments, widespread unemployment, accumulation of stocks (as before the Control Scheme was organised) and disturbance of trade, owing to oscillating prices, which even the largest consumers (American) do not desire. In the House of Commons Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister stated a few days ago that there has been no outcry from consumers; and the Labour Party when in office adopted the International Control scheme after assuring themselves that it had the support of the great majority of producers in the British Empire. Nothing could be farther from the truth, he said, than that the scheme operated gravely to the disadvantage of British Empire producers and entirely to the advantage of high-cost producers in foreign territory.

Before Tin Control was established the competitive price ranged from £105 to over £400 per ton. A very high price invites search for substitutes, but about £230 is an average price—perhaps less if the lower exchange value of the £1 is taken into account—and any profits made now not only provide for less fortunate times ahead (if these come), but help to replace millions of lost tin-mining capital, and loss of interest on capital, during and since the War. As the Secretary of State for the Colonies says, the World Economic Conference reviewed the operation of the Tin Scheme and expressed their full approval of the scheme and its operation. Actually the recurring attacks on the scheme (one Malayan producer declaring the present price 'commercial robbery') emanate from certain low-cost properties, which either want a higher 'quota' of production or to 'freeze-out' the average competitors, especially lode mines; speculators in metal stocks; brokers who buy and sell on commission, and others who object to restricted markets, or want to add to the profits they are making even with a 40 or 50 per cent. quota of their peak production (in 1929). After bitter and costly experience the various Governments and the bulk of the producers considered it is wiser to husband the 'wasting assets' of tin mines and alluvial deposits, and market them gradually at a profit, than flood the market with unwanted tin, followed by slump and starvation; especially as the item of tin in any single article (as Mr. Rowe admits) is trifling and scarcely affects the cost to the manufacturer or price to the consumer. Tin Control

is one of the most successful examples of planned industry in a chaotic world, which is groping its way to recovery from unprecedented disaster and disorganisation. It should be copied, rather than assailed either by implication or by frontal attacks, which burke the undeniable facts.

Carbis Bay

HERBERT THOMAS

Twentieth-Century Style—and Price

I am one of the young people mentioned by Mr. Wilenski, who wish to marry and have about £200 available for the home. I really thought the Burlington House Exhibition would try to cater for people like me. I want modern things and I want them cheap. But with my £200 I shall be forced to buy furniture which is anathema to me: figured 'walnut', turkey carpets, period pieces, and all the old mock this and that turned out by our factories. If I want a modern house with plenty of window space, a flat roof, concealed lighting, etc., I must pay far more than I can afford. My house, costing, say, £1,000, will have to be one of those dull, conventional villas which encircle London like a defensive wall erected to prevent the entry of new ideas. Perhaps Mr. Wilenski will use his influence to promote an exhibition that will appeal to people who want to buy a home and not a toyshop.

Ilford

G. E. ASSINDER

Mr. Wilenski has certainly learnt his 'functional' patter extremely well. Nobody might have realised its superficiality if he had not been rash enough to give us three examples which embody, for him, the enduring essence of twentieth-century Style. He explains that this Style is not really a style at all, but an expansion of the domain of beauty to include the peculiarly satisfying beauty of aptness to a purpose—the only beauty with a *universal* appeal. But how, in the name of constructional good sense, does he excuse Wells Coates' bakelite radio cabinet? I agree with him that it is handsome; in fact it is easy to sell as well as easy to make. But bakelite is a rigid material whose vibrations will set up all manner of undesirable resonances. In addition to this, the design of the wavelength scale means that a pointer arm must pass between the loudspeaker and the front of the set; the clearance amounts to half an inch, which reduces the baffle area to zero and would remove the bass from the best electrical equipment that could be provided. It is almost the worst example of lack of co-operation between artist and manufacturer—both competent enough in their own sphere—that could have been found. Curiously enough, Gordon Russell, the one radio cabinet designer who has taken the trouble to study acoustical principles, is not represented at Burlington House in this capacity at all.

For Mr. Wilenski's other two loves, chromium-steel furniture and the suspended table, there is even less to be said. His own advertised system of values should lead him to demand of a chair that it should be comfortable and that its texture should be pleasing to the touch. A table that is neither rigid nor movable can be defended on the grounds of novelty, but not (in the twentieth century) of beauty.

London, W.5

GEOFFREY HART

Medium and Craftsmanship

I find Mr. Miller's comment on the two illustrations to my article on Medium and Craftsmanship puzzling. He agrees with me that Epstein's bust expresses the qualities inherent in clay (which was the only point I wished to make) but objects that 'it is therefore a false quality in bronze'. Since bronze was not the sculptor's medium (and never can be, seeing that it cannot with convenience be either modelled or carved) it can only be regarded as the material in which the sculptor has chosen to give his clay permanence. Epstein had no desire to persuade the spectator that bronze was the medium in which he conceived his bust. That being so, in what sense can he give it a 'false quality'? If molten metal will enter the mould into which it is poured, then the resultant casting cannot fail to have the true 'quality' of a casting. Does Mr. Miller merely mean that bronze should always have a smooth surface? If so, why?

My point about Henry Moore's sculpture is that its forms are

essentially carved and not modelled. By a 'hard material' I mean one that must be shaped with the chisel and not with the hand. Alabaster may put up less resistance to the chisel than granite, but the act of carving tends to produce certain types of mass and surface, just as the act of manipulating clay or grinding jade produces others. Mr. Miller takes Henry Moore to task for producing work 'strangely unlike' that of Ancient Egypt, Mediæval Europe, or Ancient China. To me, Moore's forms, though more lithe and dynamic, have a good deal in common with those of Egyptian carvings, but even if they had not, they would still be true to their material, which is presumably what Mr. Miller wishes to deny. Ancient Egyptian and Mediæval European carvings are 'strangely unlike' each other, but that does not invalidate either.

London, W.1

ERIC NEWTON

The Magic Circle and Karachi's Challenge

It is not the Committee of the Magic Circle, but your correspondents who have attacked them, who are evading the real point at issue. The point at issue is not whether a rope trick resembling the Indian Rope Trick can or cannot be done; the point is whether the Indian Rope Trick was a fact or only a fiction—a ridiculous superstition, as the Committee put it. The Magic Circle are compelled to waste their time in killing such a ridiculous superstition because of the existence in this country of superstitious people, who will persist in believing that such a thing was done in India. That a man in this country, who calls himself 'Karachi', is able to do a rope trick of sorts is quite beside the point. Other conjurors could probably do a better one still, and I am not in the least surprised that the Magic Circle do not consider the present attempt worth wasting their time over.

Eastbourne

K. F. WILLIAMSON

Being amused by the correspondence you have been publishing on the Indian Rope Trick, I turned up my dictionary (*Concise Oxford Dictionary*, 3rd edition, 1934) to refresh my memory as to the precise meaning of the word 'trick'. My dictionary gives, as the first two meanings: 'Fraudulent device or stratagem: feat of skill or dexterity, knack, precise mode of doing or dealing with a thing'. Many other shades of meaning are given, but nothing which lends the least colour to Colonel Elliot's curious insistence that the word 'trick' implies something supernatural. On the contrary, it implies, so far as my reading goes, the very opposite. Hence the issue of a challenge to perform the Rope Trick, with an accompanying rider (added in this case as an afterthought, be it noted, when the challenge was in danger of being taken up) that the trick must be performed by 'supernormal' means, is rather nonsensical, and reflects little credit either on the grammar or the logic of its sponsors. Riddle—when is a 'trick' not a 'trick'? Answer—when it is 'taken' by the Magic Circle.

East Finchley

H. L. BEALES

Aim of the General Strike

The passage of time has not only altered Mr. Basil de Sélincourt's opinions, but weakened a one-time devotion to accuracy and clarity of statement. The 'declared aim' of the General Strike was not 'revolution', whatever that may mean, but a sympathetic support of the miners, well warranted in the circumstances, and admirably conducted by the workmen. Those of us who observed the conflict from a sympathetic point of view considered, however, that a General Strike must fail unless it had a revolutionary aim. It was because the General Strike of 1926 was not revolutionary that it did not attain its purpose in entirety. On the other hand, had the intent been revolutionary, it is possible that the working-class response would not have been so unanimous as it was.

But what does Mr. de Sélincourt mean by the word 'revolution'. In the past twenty years there have been the Bolshevik Revolution, the German Revolution of 1918, the Fascist Revolution, the Irish Revolution, the Nazi Revolution, the Turkish Revolution, and the Spanish Revolution: besides many revolutionary movements in countries like China, Spain, Brazil, the Argentine, etc. I cannot conceive how the General Strike can be related to any of these 'revolutions'. If Mr. de Sélincourt read the verbatim transcript of the debate in the Church Assembly on the Report of the Social and Industrial Commission, he might learn that Mr. Crossman's views are held by many of the leading dignitaries of the Church of England; and I doubt whether even he would describe the Bishops of London, Southwark and

Lichfield as 'un-Christian revolutionaries', or a 'handful of doctrinaires'.

London, N.W.11

C. H. NORMAN

To say, as Mr. Crossman says, that no master at a public school knows what a trades union is, and that the boys are moulded to think that the nation is opposed to trades unionism, is neither just nor accurate. But when trades unionism organises an attack on the daily life of the people it is the natural instinct of most Englishmen to defend themselves and those whose daily bread is thus threatened, and to express satisfaction at success is not altogether blameworthy. Mr. Crossman appears to be desirous of preserving Democracy, but is rather horrified at the idea of people (especially if they happen to have been at a public school) doing their best to put an end to a General Strike—a movement calculated to prevent the functioning of a government duly elected by the nation.

Durley

ALBERT JENNER

I was interested in Mr. Crossman's article 'Youth Looks Ahead', and specially interested in the letter by Mr. de Sélincourt in which he says that 'the declared aim of the General Strike was revolution'. I was not a boy at school, I was just a mechanic, one of those who struck—and I should like to tell what I thought of the General Strike. The miners were locked out. They were to be forced to accept lower pay. The Government would do nothing and the Strike was called in the miners' support. All the students, men who are now our lawyers, dentists, doctors (members now, by the way, of the strongest trade unions in the world), rose to break the Strike. Men who by the fortune of birth had fathers to pay fees and influence to find them jobs rose to 'do the Bolsheviks' or, in other words, to take a little more bread from the miner's wife and children. I remember seeing a group having their photograph taken looking very self-conscious in plus-fours and shrapnel helmets—perhaps the same helmet that a miner had worn in another fight keeping England comfortable for the privileged few.

Merton Park

GEORGE BERNER

What Freedom Means in Soviet Russia

Dr. Margaret S. Miller told us in her talk that Communism allowed no Opposition Party to function at all, but she did not say how this is achieved. The following extract from a recent letter to *The Times* throws some light on the matter: 'Mr. W. H. Chamberlain, who was for more than twelve years Moscow correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*, and who is an undisputed authority on all Russian matters, stated in his article of May 29, 1934, that in 1933, "between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 people, over and above the normal mortality rate, lost their lives from hunger and related causes", and that "the Soviet Government has employed famine as an instrument of national policy on an unprecedented scale and in an unprecedented way", with the object of destroying individuals whom they considered to be opposed to their policy'.

Bromyard

F. L. KING LEWIS

Root Cause of Slums

A slum is not produced by cheap houses, or even by overcrowding. Clean people can be crammed into army huts built close together without making a slum. Remove all the inhabitants of a slum except one to each house, and it remains a slum. As long as the very poor are with us, we shall have slums. Give people incomes on which they can pay rent (including interest) and keep themselves and their houses clean without depriving themselves of things they want more, and allow them time to acquire civilised habits, and slums will disappear. If world production is allowed to increase without limit by enlarging the volume of money, instead of being constantly pulled up by an inadequate volume, and if prices are kept stable, and if wage-earners are allotted their present share of the earnings of production, there will soon, in this country at any rate, be no poor and no slums!

London, N.W. 3

R. GRANT BROWN

Day Continuation Schools

If Mr. G. E. Kirk cares to visit the Day Continuation School in his own city, he will be welcomed and given an opportunity to discuss ideals at greater length. Here the curricula include nothing beyond English, physical training, domestic science, practical science (biology), arithmetic, needlework, hygiene, art and physiology. The aim is to produce men and women who understand which of their reactions are instructive and emotional and which are logical, who when looking at the com-

plexities of life will have some idea of man's place in the scheme of things, who are in fine well integrated human beings. There is a strong educational reason for not curtailing guidance in education before the age of stability that is not so widely appreciated as it ought to be. Experience in secondary and such senior schools shows without a doubt that stability, an innate distinction between good and bad that is not a blind following of precept, comes at present somewhat late in adolescence. Sir George Newman, in his 1934 Report upon the health of the nation, notes the undesirable effects upon boys and girls of 14 of the usual unguided industrial life. One can only extend an invitation to those interested to visit a good Day Continuation School, and to discuss and examine the problem upon the spot. Nottingham FREDERICK W. COE

Individual and Social Salvation

In Mr. Mostyn's letter in THE LISTENER of February 6, I find much evidence of that contradictory thinking which contributes so much to the modern confusion of thought. Mr. Mostyn contends that the New Advocate of Christianity 'will have to be revolutionary and leave behind the primitive selfishness and shortsightedness of individual salvation to work for social salvation'. Such a statement would imply that social and individual salvation are opposed terms. In reality the latter is an implication of the former. The modern tendency to collectivism has created a type of mind which finds it easy to think in general terms, forgetting that these general terms are abstractions and only become concrete when it is recognised that the 'general' is a sum of the 'particular'. If Mr. Mostyn wished to suggest that the social implications of Christianity have been neglected in the past, I would agree, and would further agree that the future of Christianity is largely bound up with the recognition of this fact. But I contend that instead of the individual and social salvations being regarded as separate and opposed entities the latter should be regarded as the natural outcome of the former.

Kirkmaiden

ALAN J. R. SHEARER

Fighting Malaria

Your editorial note in THE LISTENER of February 13 diagnosed the causes of the malaria epidemic as follows: 'If rain is too heavy, there are floods, and as the floods subside stagnant pools are left. Equally if there is a drought, as has been the case in Ceylon, rivers change into successions of pools connected by faint trickles; almost ideal conditions for the mosquito'. This is a lucid statement of the general view. It has, however, been shown by Mr. P. E. P. Deraniyagala, Marine Biologist of the Colombo Museum, that the root cause of the spread of malaria is the dying out of little fishes known to the villagers as 'thithayahs'. These fishes, no longer than a few tenths of an inch, are man's vanguard in the battle waged against the anopheles mosquito. They eat up all the larvæ laid in the water. In the case of floods there is a possibility of the fishes being stranded in the stagnant ponds. But a drought dries up the water and the fishes perish completely. With the new rains descending, the dying of the fish is the opportunity of the mosquito to breed prolifically. The Government of Ceylon in future will have to rear these fishes on a large scale and scatter them at the appropriate time.

Cambridge

F. W. OBEYESÉKERE

India—A Reply to Lady Layton

I have no desire to continue the controversy on Lady Layton's talk on behalf of Indian Feminism, but it seems necessary to point out that facts have their proportions and devoid of correct proportions they are no longer facts. If I were to describe England, within twenty minutes, and base my arguments on statistics and observations made on the slums of Southampton and London, would I be painting a true picture of England? To say a 'Hindu widow is bound by religious custom and belief to a perpetual widowhood' is as much true as my saying that the English people live in suffocating basements. Lady Layton, in her reply to Mr. Codrington, avails herself of the equally unsound generalisations of a medical officer on midwifery. If conditions such as 'securely fastened rooms, with no fireplaces yet with fires kept constantly burning, do exist, then there should be 100 per cent. casualties of smoked mothers. There is an express purpose in the use of a fire at nightfall; the 'smoke', which is made from the incense used in well-to-do homes, and herbs in those of the less fortunate ones, helps to keep away mosquitoes and such-like intruders. Well-informed medical practitioners trained in western methods still advocate the use

of such 'smoke'. Also to look upon a confined mother as unclean is an idea that might well be incorporated into modern hygiene methods, since many an undesirable germ can be kept away from a weak mother.

London, W.11

S. SANMUGANATHAN

'The Serial Universe'

(1) Mr. Lauwerys ascribes to me the statement that 'anything that can be said of time can also be said of space'. Actually I said that Mr. Dunne's arguments go as well for space as for time—not quite the same thing.

(2) Mr. Dunne now appeals to experiment. 'The experimenter will discover', he says, 'as an empirical fact that the instruments have to be defined in a time-2'. The analogous process with space is certainly as significant as that with time, and Mr. Dunne's reasoning applies to it. What the empirical evidence is which is for the one and against the other, I do not know—for the dreams are now to be held in reserve. The 'as we know' at the end of paragraph two of Mr. Dunne's letter is mistaken if the 'we' includes your reviewer.

(3) Mr. Dunne thinks (no reasons given) that 'no competent physicist' will agree with my statement that to every physical dimension must correspond a measurement. This must be left to the competent physicists; but Mr. Lauwerys is wrong in supposing that the application of this principle would confine us to the use of four dimensions. For example, a mechanism with moving parts may need many more than four measurements to fix its position, and the dynamics of such systems has in fact led to the use of multidimensional spaces. The reference to Kaluza's theory is an unfortunate one, for his theory remained suspect, precisely because of its apparent extra dimension with no physical meaning, until Veblen showed that the five co-ordinates should be regarded as quasi-homogeneous coordinates in a four-dimensional projective space.

Mr. Dunne's last paragraph is, I think, a little unfair. I explained in the original review that it was precisely because I could not argue his theory point by point in THE LISTENER that I chose the undoubtedly inferior method of a *reductio ad absurdum*.

Cambridge

M. H. A. NEWMAN

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

The Cotton Farmer

(Continued from page 358)

dangerous. The world is essentially poor. The greater part of its inhabitants scratch a precarious existence from the land. If we set all the people of the world to work with all the machines they possessed, the average standard of living made possible would still be incredibly low—perhaps that standard which could be maintained by a man in this country trying to live on one-quarter of his Unemployment Benefit. It seems to me quite wrong to talk of the problem of production being solved whilst we have frequent famines in China which cause the death of millions of people and whilst the general standard of living in Asia and most parts of Africa is what it is.

You couldn't have a better illustration of all this than that of cotton growing. The straits in which the grower of cotton has found himself in the past ten years have been due mainly, not to some embarrassing abundance of nature, but to the fact that the cotton grower has been so short of ideas, so lacking in adaptability and so poor in resource, that he has gone on growing stuff that people didn't want. The intervention of the State, as in America, in the interests of the grower did not come about because the annual cotton crop was increasing by leaps and bounds, but because the grower represented a submerged section of the population which hardly went well with the prosperity of other parts of the country. The growing of cotton is not a case where machinery has been mainly responsible for so-called over-production—the methods of growing cotton have not been seriously modified, although there have been minor changes in the last one hundred years. It is not a case of where man's control over nature has widened greatly. The grower is still at the mercy of climatic conditions. In short, the economic difficulties and experiments which I shall describe next week are the outcome of poverty and not of plenty.

Books and Authors

Protestant Architecture

The Church Architecture of Protestantism. By Andrew Landale Drummond. T. and T. Clark. 15s.

Reviewed by P. MORTON SHAND

'PROTESTANTISM', Dr. Percy Dearmer has said, 'had the makings of a conquering intellectual movement. It is still the greatest moral force in the world, but it has no form'. In *The Church Architecture of Protestantism*, a Kirk of Scotland minister, who frankly accepts and deplores this truism, has given a masterly historical analysis of that desideratum's cause and effect. It is true that Wren created a national form of Protestant church, which was primarily a meeting-house embodying the good visibility and acoustics that term implies. But Wren's dignified model has been abandoned as insufficiently devotional because it renounced Christian symbolism. Mr. Drummond believes—and there is much to support his view—that if the seventeenth century had not dragged art into politics England might have evolved a Protestant architecture comparable to that of Calvinist Holland. Most of the apparently deliberate uglification in the name of the Lord attributed to Puritanism was the work of early nineteenth-century Evangelicalism, the raw new Nonconformity of little 'Builder's Gothic' Bethels, not the mellowed 'Old Dissent' which had built the Octagon at Norwich and Mary Street Chapel, Taunton.

The fact that Protestantism has done so little to encourage a creative art of its own has led to a toleration of symbolism in the Presbyterian and Free Churches of today which almost suggests that the Catholic attitude has been right throughout. With the spread of the scientific spirit, and what Mr. Drummond calls 'The Renaissance of Worship' (the demand for 'sanctuaries rather than auditoriums'), it was felt that symbolism might be safely welcomed since there was no longer any real danger of the symbol being mistaken for what it symbolised. From the middle of the last century the Puritan has been forced to retreat from one position to another in ever-increasing doctrinal confusion; but without admitting defeat or coming to any definite terms with art. Yet art is a functional necessity for congregational prayer, as in building the humblest of Primitive Baptist tabernacles. It may be ignored, but the only alternative to it is bad art. No self-denying ordinance can free the most rigid Puritan of his æsthetic responsibility, and that responsibility has steadily increased since the bottom dropped out of the sermon as the mainstay of public worship. Mr. Drummond insists that until Protestant art is brought into more vital contact with the life of the people it will continue to be a sickly hot-house plant uprooted from its native Catholic soil. He fully realises, too, that 'there is no excuse for traditionalism' in new buildings. A living art cannot be transmitted by 'mere Classic or Gothic recitations', or, as in America, by the naive building of stones collected from venerable European cathedrals into the walls of modern churches complete with 'education plants' and Fellowship Rooms of the hotel lounge type. The Gothic Revival was the revival of an art that had long been repudiated as outworn by Protestants and Catholics alike. Yet, strangely enough, even today more churchgoers than not find a non-Gothic church 'unlike a sacred edifice', while those who have reacted against a narrow religious upbringing often cannot bring themselves to admire the finest Gothic because 'it is so essentially Christian'. What is even stranger is that counterfeit 'period styles' are preferred to genuine examples. When Lord Lothian offered to build a new Gothic church for Jedburgh in 1875 on condition that the congregation abandoned the use of the old Gothic Abbey, the congregation accepted with alacrity, and the good people of Dunfermline still elect to worship under sham-Gothic vaulting, and leave their historic Norman abbey (by no means a ruin) to the tourists. Perhaps the explanation is that Scots churches were being used up to 1882 for 'soirées, humorous entertainments and political meetings—when the candidate would mount the pulpit and address an uproarious audience amid profane allusions to the sacred services to which the building was dedicated'. Mr. Drummond's eminently reasonable plea that divinity students should be given some guidance in art (which few of our universities provide) deserves warm support.

Believing in a creative liberalism, which knows and is sympathetic to the past, but recognises the needs of the present and

the call for free and adventurous expression', Mr. Drummond turns to inquire how the laws of psychology may be applied to reconciling reverence and intimacy, the two sundered poles of Christian worship, in the fabric of the modern church. This is the least satisfactory and convincing section of what by virtue of its fine scholarship and frequent wit has otherwise every right to rank as a standard work. A wholly inordinate length (and number of illustrations) is devoted to devotional innovations and building practice in America—a country which has contributed nothing to church architecture except pretentiously eclectic imitations of the historic European styles. Mr. Drummond has a good deal to say in condemnation of 'modernistic' churches, an unhappy word that can mean almost anything. He maintains that 'ultra-modernists have not learned how to ennoble and transform engineering construction so as to express spiritual and intellectual values'. In condemning Otto Bartning's churches for their 'cold and office-like appearance, completely lacking the sense of Christian Fellowship and the "Numinous"', he ignores Bartning's latest design, the magnificent Gustav-Adolf-Kirche in Berlin (as indeed most of the best recent German Protestant examples by Höger, Steinberg, Latteyer, Wach and Roskotten, etc.), which is certainly no 'machine for praying in' and lends substance to none of these criticisms. Yet Mr. Drummond admits that in Germany alone (and from the eighteenth century onwards) there has been a conscious attempt to create a specific Protestant ecclesiology—'the absence of a rigid liturgical tradition prescribing a fixed plan enabling German architects to innovate and experiment'—and quotes (apparently approvingly) a leading German architect's opinion that 'traditionalism in Germany has meant that the church, being out of keeping with its environment, gave the impression of being out of date, insulated from the current of modern life'.

Early Wisdom

Had we been wise at birth,
We might have learned upon the breast
From the heart beating without rest,
What danger lies in sleep,
What treachery in mirth.

In that blood-pulse, dark and deep,
We should have heard the tread
Of hungers yet unlivid,
Of Judas-words unsaid,
Deaths never to be shrived;
The fanatical procession
Of faiths in counter-strife,
Men's sanctified oppression
And vileness to each other.

All these lay there at rest
Upon our mother's breast,
Sharing the stream of life.

RICHARD CHURCH

Battlefield

Men in their prime,
boys venerably young
with all-unfaded brows, died here upon a time.
So heavy a wrong
how may this black world right
who trod them into slime.

Still must our milder suns,
splintering the stained-glass window of a wood,
be darkly seen through these men's blood,
and midnight mutter in her sleep with guns.

LILIAN BOWES LYON

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Reign of King George the Fifth

By D. C. Somervell. Faber. 12s. 6d.

MR. SOMERVELL HAS CHOSEN to write a chronicle rather than a history. He has compressed into a single volume a record of the events and controversies that have filled the last quarter of a century in England. This in itself is a feat, and the narrative is conducted with extraordinary skill. In the middle stands a competent *résumé* of what happened in the War. Before and after is a tangle of politics. It is the bare bones of politics after the excitement has passed. The ashes of old quarrels and old enthusiasms are spread out evenly over 500 pages of well-tempered and lucid prose. Here and there a phrase of a paragraph illuminates the character of one or other of the principal actors in the scene—Asquith, for instance, and Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. But for the most part Mr. Somervell confines himself to a recital of what happened, without attempting to interpret it. He does not try to probe beneath the surface, to estimate fundamental causes, or to discover any consistent logic in events. If he had done so he would have written a very different and perhaps a much more valuable book.

As it is, his chronicle deserves high praise for its orderliness, its compactness, and its accuracy of detail. Not everyone will want to read it through. It lends itself more to dipping into by chapters, or to consultation as a reference book. Used this way its virtues are at once apparent. Moreover, to many readers its tone will seem just right—clear, tolerant, measured and impartial. But to others the attitude of magnanimous tolerance will be less congenial, and the impartiality occasionally suspect. Socialists will almost certainly complain that it is a studied impartiality, anxious to admit that the Conservatives were not always right, or their opponents invariably wrong; that Mr. Somervell is not able to conceal entirely his admiration for the House of Chamberlain; that his attitude to Labour is very gently patronising; that he shows little understanding of the real feeling and real sincerity which may have underlain the workers' point of view in any of the great post-War strikes; that when he comes to 1931 he is unmistakably on the side of the National Government, and that his chapter on its record to date comes very close to open justification and apology. Some touch of bias on one side or the other is inevitable. The events of the last twenty-five years are both too recent and too important for anyone who has been actively concerned in them to survey them all at once with entirely unprejudiced eyes. It is not, necessarily, even a fault. But when it is not supported by any reasoned examination of fundamental causes and motives, it deserves to be more frankly acknowledged from the outset.

Eighteen Poems. By Dylan Thomas

Sunday Referee and Parton Bookshop. 3s. 6d.

The first thing that strikes one about Mr. Dylan Thomas' poetry is its purely poetic force: there is nothing in it that could be taken for prose: his thought seems to transmute itself naturally and continuously into imagery. The second is the limitation of his poems to themes unpleasant or disgusting. The essential principle of his poetry is delight, but the delight is bound to disgust in a very close and tenacious way. Such combinations were common in Elizabethan and Jacobean poetry: one has only to think of Webster and Donne. But an imagination which deals with such blind processes as the workings of lust and dissolution (which obsessed Webster and Donne, and Mr. Thomas as well) must be detached and philosophical if it is to be poetical; for only a philosophical contemplation of such things can give them meaning. When Mr. Thomas' mind is detached sufficiently it can produce the most strange and sometimes beautiful images, as when he sees

The summer children in their mothers . . .
Divide the day and night with fairy thumbs.

When it is not detached it sometimes creates a fine and striking image such as this:

My hero bares my side and sees his heart
Tread, like a naked Venus,
The beach of flesh, and wind her blood-red plait,

in which delight and disgust are inextricably entangled, and the poet's mind is not free. Mr. Thomas' questioning of life is essentially philosophical in the sense that it is a questioning of life's beginning and end; but the form which it takes, that is pre-natal

and post-mortem imagery, is by its nature inarticulate, and so his meditations on these things sometimes deepen the horror which one naturally feels for them without achieving the clearness and objectivity of Webster's and Donne's. There is no doubt, nevertheless, that Mr. Thomas is a poet of very unusual endowment; the sensuous beauty of his images and the boldness of his use of language prove that. His sense of form is extraordinarily sure for such a young poet. His mastery of invention is not, though it is generally best when it is most daring. But there can be no doubt that this is one of the most remarkable volumes of poetry that have appeared during the last few years.

A Plant-Hunter in Tibet

By F. Kingdon Ward. Cape. 12s. 6d.

This is the story of the author's twelfth big journey in Asia, a memorable venture which took him through unexplored parts of Tibet in quest of rare plants and geographical information—an accessory purpose being the making of a colour film, which ought to be no less thrilling than the book is. The success of the journey may be gauged by the facts that a big range of mountains, whose existence, until then, had been barely rumoured, was discovered and crossed; and seeds of over a hundred new plants were brought back. Garden lovers as well as scientists will once again rejoice, and so will readers. There is no need to tell those of them who remember Captain Kingdon Ward's previous books—and especially *The Romance of Plant Hunting* and *Plant Hunting on the Edge of the World*—that he is a writer of rare skill and imagination. Whether he talks of mountains or of flowers, of men and customs, or of climates and adventures, he is always direct and terse and vivid. Here are two examples at random:

Imagine a cherry tree eighty foot high, not yet in leaf. The deep carmine buds, in clusters, droop over gracefully and burst like red stars showered from a rocket till the whole tree is enveloped in a deep carmine cloud. An avenue of the Carmine Cherry would be a sight for the gods.

The storm was over. A tempestuous calm succeeded. The peaks were reappearing, dead white in their clean new shrouds; they looked ghastly and corpse-like. Suddenly the tip of Chömbö itself appeared, floating on a bank of cloud, the rest of the mountain being hidden. It was a wonderful vision, just that dead white cone, crystallising out of the shapeless mist, faint at first, then more sharply outlined.

Minuet. By F. C. Green. Dent. 15s.

This 'Critical Survey of French and English Literary Ideas in the Eighteenth Century' is a model of the academic work, stuffed as it is with erudition, written with a light, running pen, and diversified with wit. It is divided into three parts: the first dealing with drama, the next and shortest with poetry, the last with the novel. Much of the first part is not, strictly speaking, literary criticism at all: it is that sub-department of sociology known as historical criticism; but since this part is very entertaining no one will grudge Professor Green that excursus. The rest is more legitimate criticism, but not so amusing, since comparative criticism of this kind (and Mr. Green is concerned with the interaction of the two literatures) seems invariably to entail synopses of plots, which are never easy reading. The national forms of drama are well distinguished; though one may have a few quarrels with Mr. Green. He does not quite seem to see what early eighteenth century English tragedy was trying to do, how it tried to handle the decaying Restoration tradition: and when he remarks that English comedy on the whole used for its material eccentric characters (humours) and odd situations, whereas the French relied on character, one is inclined to object that until Marivaux, with the solitary instance of Le Sage's *Turcaret*, French comedy was made up of eccentrics and situations—Dancourt, Dufresny, Baron, who were overtopped by Regnard.

The section on poetry is extremely interesting, especially where Léonard, Bertin, and Parny are considered. It is delightful to find Burke given his due, though 'Burke's *Enquiry* was more than the *Art poétique* of eighteenth-century England, since an *Art poétique*, like a royal commission, simply reaffirms a long-established practice.' It may astonish us to learn that 'it was through Pope that the religious spirit, by way of Fontanes, re-entered French imaginative literature', but a good case is made for this theory. This section is most illuminating, though

Mr. Green seems somewhat too inclined to rate poetry by the number of times it mentions birds and bushes wherever the sublime is lacking.

The section on the novel is the most interesting of all, perhaps because the novel was the only really live form in that century. There are admirable analyses of *Manon Lescaut* as opposed to *Moll Flanders*, comparisons of Richardson with Rousseau, remarks on Smollett and Fielding, excellent work on Rétif de la Bretonne and Diderot, though we wish that in dealing with this last Mr. Green had said something about *Le Neveu de Rameau*. Though he deals with the great seducers, and analyses *Liaisons Dangereuses*, we hear little about the smaller people, such as Crébillon the younger; after all *Le Sopha* was soon translated into English. Nor is there any mention of the oriental tale which was popular in both countries, and we hear nothing of De la Morlière, Fromaget, or De Boufflers. A study of this sort of thing from Mr. Green would be very welcome.

The main thesis of this book is one which the present reviewer would heartily endorse, namely, that there is really very little influence either way. Art follows a national tradition: if it accepts anything from another country it is that social and intellectual conditions are such as to make it likely that it would have invented the thing for itself anyway. Where there is copying, it is usually of the wrong thing, and a universally accepted writer is usually a second rate one because he does not embody the genius of his nation. Mr. Green makes this point again and again, and is mercifully dead set against the *Jones en France* kind of thesis. There are certain critical estimates in this book which will not meet with agreement. It does not seem subtle enough to say that the essence of Iago is his duplicity: if, like Mr. Green, you go to Congreve for *esprit* you are going for the wrong thing: Mr. Shaw is not merely a 'national jester', and to talk of Sterne's 'salacious innuendoes' is surely at this date a crying critical blunder. But these are only small flaws in an admirable and lucid book, very readable, very informative, full of fun, and which should put a formidable spoke in the wearily rotating Great Wheel of which the compartments are 'the influence of something or somebody on somebody else'.

Return to Philosophy. By C. E. M. Joad Faber. 7s. 6d.

Mr. C. E. M. Joad has set out to do for England what M. Julien Benda did for France a good many years ago in *Belphégor* (the Baal to whom we have bowed the knee is the cult of emotion at the expense of reason) and *La trahison des clercs*. M. Benda, as a Frenchman, attributed the trouble chiefly to the social predominance of women and his villain was a professional philosopher, Bergson. Mr. Joad's villains are D. H. Lawrence and an unprofessional philosopher, Mr. Aldous Huxley, and, more generally, the low-brow public. There is another, and very important, difference: whereas M. Benda had a strong 'down' on music as the emotional art *par excellence*, Mr. Joad exalts it above all other arts. The fact is, Mr. Joad is very far from being an out-and-out rationalist. He is rather a knight-errant who has mounted his war-horse to go to the rescue of those 'distressed dowagers of philosophy', as he calls them, Truth, Beauty and Goodness, and of the old culture of which they were a main support.

His starting-point is a practical one—namely, the actual effects on modern life of the new decrying of reason; this affords him a good chance of letting fly at the things he most dislikes in contemporary life, and incidentally of giving us some engaging side-lights on his own private habits. Some of his arrows have perhaps lost a little of their sharpness from constant use, but the attack is in most respects well enough directed. These abuses are not, however, peculiar to our age. The majority even of the upper classes has always been low-brow in its pleasures (Mr. Joad seems a little inclined to idealise the past in this respect); what is new is that the 'clerks'—i.e. the intellectuals—now deliberately preach the low-brow gospel. Thus Mr. Joad is naturally led to consider the theoretical foundations of low-browism. It is paradoxical, as he realises himself, to accuse Mr. Huxley, the arch-highbrow, under this head; but it is just this that is typical of your reasonable clerk, that he does not know where he is leading his fellows. Mr. Huxley's treason consists in having announced that our thinking is hopelessly subjective except when it is purely scientific: in other words, Beauty and Goodness are merely projections of our own desires and inclinations.

Against this Mr. Joad knows that he cannot *prove* his central thesis—that values exist independently and can be known by us at a certain level of consciousness—since it is a matter of direct experience akin to the mystic's; but he can confute some of the anti-rationalist arguments. Thus he retorts that if values are purely subjective, matter can be shown to be in no better case: science and philosophy are in the same boat. He also shows that Mr. Huxley, while demolishing the claim of values to objective validity, is assuming it all the time, e.g. in his castigation of the 'good-timer', and deals faithfully with 'Life' as a supreme and only value. Further, he cites mathematics as a proof that reason can function independently of our lower regions and of sense-experience altogether, as it must do if it is to perceive values.

Mr. Joad conceives of experience as divided into a series of mental levels, each more emancipated than the one below it from direct contact with matter, with awareness of sense-data at the bottom and perception of values at the top, this last a region 'beyond the confines of thought' into which the mind, under the right discipline, may occasionally 'break through' or 'jump'. At this point he necessarily becomes mystical, and it is obviously unfair to ask the mystic for a precise account of his beatific vision; but Mr. Joad's seems to be predominantly æsthetic in character. He seems to think that it is the great musicians who most often 'break through' to this transcendent region, and next to them the philosophers (and even mathematicians) because, in its highest reaches, philosophy transcends reason.

Return to Philosophy has all Mr. Joad's accustomed vigour; and if a philosophically trained reader should object that he disposes of a good many questions rather too easily, he might reply that he refers him several times to his larger and more academic works. As a popular attack on certain aspects of contemporary life and a re-affirmation of ancient cultural values, it is to be welcomed.

Intelligent Listening to Music

By William Johnson. Pitman. 5s.

Here is an honest book whose contents correspond exactly to the promise of its title. The special quality of the book, its downright practicality, comes from a fact that might, at first sight, appear to be against it—its author is *not* a professional musician. Now if that negation (plus, of course, a love of music) were in itself a qualification for writing such a book, thousands of people could turn author and we could have as many writers as readers. But Mr. Johnson adds to his negative qualification (which enables him to see things from the quite untechnical standpoint of his intended clients) a positive one of a very definite kind. He is not a professional musician but he *is* a professional teacher, giving many lessons per week to children of varying ages, in the subject that school timetables call 'The Appreciation of Music'. He is then a specialist in the art and practice of bringing certain human minds into contact with one another—the mind of the ordinary person, with a hundred human interests of which music is but one, and the mind of the inspired composer, to whom music is the great means of self-expression and of communication with his fellows.

The text expounded is this (italicised in the book's Introduction, as it shall be italicised here)—'*A true understanding of the art seldom develops until we have cultivated attentive and well-directed listening over a long period of time*'. And the exposition consists of an explanation of what that double term 'attentive and well-directed' really means: it seems impossible that any reader who means business should go through the book (a process not to be hurried, by the way) without finding his will to 'attention' strengthened and the 'direction' of his attention better orientated. Beyond one or two practical devices, the product of ingenuity and teaching experience, there is nothing in this book that cannot be found in certain of its predecessors, but it has a special quality arising from its schoolmaster origin. It concentrates on *doing*, every chapter being followed by 'Hints and Exercises' (these particularly valuable to any reader who possesses a gramophone). On the 'doing' side, then, the book is very strong: that is where the teacher-author speaks as a professional, for it is his daily function to induce young humans to 'do' things and so to teach themselves. On the side of information the book is less strong, for in his knowledge of the technicalities of music (and especially the details of its history) its author is an amateur, having clearly acquired what he knows mainly from other people's text-books. The width of his acquaintance with the musical repertory is, admittedly, surprising but (perhaps it is a schoolmaster defect) he tends to

'Electric. It vibrates with life. You will come out with your hair on end and your skin tingling.'—Roger Pippett: *Daily Herald*.

Appointment in Samarra

A novel by John O'Hara

'I shall be astonished if Mr. O'Hara's American novel does not make a "sensation" over here. I found it absorbing. In addition to wondering what the author would dare next, I was kept wondering what would happen next. Mr. O'Hara can tell a story with tantalising skill and an impressive accumulation of power.'—John Brophy: *Time and Tide*. 7/6

The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze

William Saroyan

'I think he may become the Artist of the future . . . I read this book with a most vivid enjoyment.'—John Collier: *Daily Telegraph*. 7/6

English Illustration: The Nineties

by J. H. Thorpe

Mr. Thorpe's book does for the nineties what Mr. Gleeson White's well-known book did many years ago for the sixties, and will be equally indispensable to collectors and amateurs of English illustrations. 125 illustrations. 30/-

The Reign of King George V

An English Chronicle by D. C. Somervell

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Manchester Merchants and Foreign Trade, 1794-1858. By Arthur Retford

Manchester University Press. 10s. 6d.

Dr. Redford and a group of his students have worked through the manuscript records of the Manchester Commercial Society (1794-1801), the Manchester Commercial Association (1845-1858) and the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, which was founded in 1820. They have thus revealed much that is new in the 'politics of business' at a most important phase in the history of Manchester and of the country generally, and in working at a class of materials not as yet frequently used by economic historians have rendered a useful service to the student of history. The conjunction of expanding industrialism and war brought many problems to Manchester business men. The new factory masters challenged the old merchant employers: commercial relationships had to be defined anew to meet the changed industrial relationships: the widened scale of the cotton industry necessitated the recasting of commercial policy so that new markets might be acquired and old ones more successfully developed: common interests, whether in regard to trade or communications or commercial policy called for organisation and defence. The main concern of Dr. Redford's book is with the building up of the agencies through which these common interests were secured and with their practical influence. There are valuable chapters on the War and post-War vicissitudes of Manchester trade, on the effects of foreign tariffs on the export of Manchester wares, on the free trade struggle, on currency and banking questions, on inland transport postal services, joint-stock legislation and cotton supplies. The picture given by Dr. Redford of the difficulties of what contemporaries called 'the restrictive system' is concrete: it explains the urgency of the need for permanent associations among business men and for the co-operation of these associations in pressing their claims upon the Legislature. National history is illuminated at many points in this useful book.

England and Slavery

By C. M. Macinnes. Arrowsmith. 7s. 6d.

Mr. C. M. Macinnes, the Reader in Imperial History at Bristol, gives, in 200 pages, a singularly succinct and graphic account of the whole story of Negro slavery from its Elizabethan beginnings to the nineteenth-century naval activities by European powers to suppress what remained of the trade. He brings out a little known side of the story at the beginning showing how the trade in human flesh was not taken for granted until the reign of Charles II. Before that it was generally regarded with contempt. He quotes an Englishman in 1620 saying the English 'were a people who did not deal in any such commodities, neither did we sell one another, or any that had our own shapes' and the African Company did not make specific reference to the slave trade before 1663. It was the growing importance of tobacco and sugar, grown on large plantations, which promoted a change of feeling. Mr. Macinnes traces the trade through its golden period from 1663 to the end of the eighteenth century, making use, in particular, of the evidence given before Parliament in the later years of that century to pamphlets and to instructions to the captains of slavers. If all went well, a trader could make three separate profits, from selling a cargo of goods in Africa, taking a cargo of slaves to America, and selling a third cargo of colonial produce at the end of the homeward journey. The extreme severity of plantation slavery in the West Indies is shown in a study of the legislation, which becomes increasingly dominated by panic, and Mr. Macinnes judges that conditions in the islands were somewhat harder than on the main continent of America. Invention, increasing the profits to be made in cotton and sugar particularly, gave a great impetus to plantation slavery at the beginning of the nineteenth century, just when the abolitionists in Britain were achieving the abolition of the trade. Thus in Cuba and Brazil in the first half of the last century the

cruelties reached their height. Where in the West Indies a Negro could be made to produce a ton of sugar, in Cuba and Brazil he could be made to produce three. Slaves became increasingly valuable, and could often be obtained for about £4 on the African coast and resold at Havanna and Rio for as much as £75. In consequence British efforts to stop the trade only achieved limited success at vast cost. In the final stages, when efforts were made to stop slavery in Africa itself, the evil association of the word made English reformers try to uproot a system which seemed to the Africans a perfectly natural relationship. Men might be slaves in Northern Nigeria whose position is well compared by Mr. Macinnes to that of the freed men of the Roman Emperors, a privileged and rather insolent class. But the last pages of the book describe the slavery still existing, in Abyssinia and in China, for 'there is still work to do'.

Confucius in a Tail-Coat

By Maurice Dekobra. Werner Laurie. 10s. 6d.

The title is, perhaps, in dubious taste; and neither in this nor in its original form (*Confucius en pull-over*) does it offer any guide to the contents of the book. This is simply a very readable, often wise, often amusing, entirely superficial volume of Chinese travel sketches by a celebrated French fiction-king. As his publishers remind us, 'over 4,000,000 copies of Dekobra's novels have been sold. They have been translated into twenty-three languages'. Clearly a survey by so obedient a servant of the reading masses must carry some weight. What is the secret of M. Dekobra's magic? Like his compatriot Paul Morand, and like our own Aldous Huxley, he is primarily a professional entertainer in the world of letters; unlike either, he is never hampered by serious intellectual preoccupations. His tone is democratic. He is, moreover, a cunning literary chef, catering for the jaded palate rather than the empty belly. Thus he is excellently qualified to discourse upon certain aspects of Chinese life—among them, of course, the gastronomical. As his Peking host says, 'There are only two nations in the world who understand the art of eating—the French and the Chinese. All the rest merely satisfy hunger'. So M. Dekobra will regale you with tales of 'drunken shrimps' (a dish), 'cricket matches' (the insect kind), Chinese writing ('in 24 hours'), Chinese poetry and, above all, Chinese women. At the other end of the scale he will curdle your blood with his tours to a nocturnal underworld surging with beggars, thieves, lepers and even corpses. 'Peking', he says, in one of those pithy epitomes for which he is famous, 'is a magnificent brocade alive with vermin'. For Peking substitute China, spin out the phrase to a yarn, of two hundred pages, and you have this book. Twenty-two chapters, of which each snapshots a city or a picturesque 'type', are linked lightly together by an improbable story of a Russian ex-Prince, a Chinese war-lord and two almond-eyed temptresses who double-cross each other in big deals of contraband arms and opium. M. Dekobra, shrewd, witty and discreet, leaves you to discern the residue of truth. His views on the future of China are neither original nor uncontroversial, but his ingeniously elaborate analogy between China today and mediæval France deserves more than our indulgent smiles.

Recipes of All Nations. By Countess Morphy

Herbert Joseph for Selfridges. 3s. 6d.

The gastronomic art, in so far as it flourishes in this country, should receive a decided impetus from this enterprising collection of recipes for national dishes of all kinds. Eighteen countries have been laid under contribution by the Countess Morphy who has picked out typical soups, fish dishes, entrées, sweets, etc., current in each, and has given the recipes for them in a simple form practicable for an English kitchen. Here—to pick at random—are recipes for bouillabaisse, bécasses flambées, ravioli, zabaione, turrone de Gandia, Wiener Schnitzel, Rollmopse, Borch, American pot roast, strawberry shortcake, Madras curry, bird's nest soup with chicken, and a hundred and one other delicacies more heard of than seen in London. Not but what London possesses restaurants of all these nations which can cater for the gastronome in most of these respects. Still, thanks to Messrs. Selfridge, he can now proceed with some confidence to transplant these dishes from the restaurant to his house, if he can find a cook or wife daring enough to try them. There is nothing really formidable about most of the recipes here given; and, to make matters still easier, Messrs. Selfridge (who alone sell the book) announce on its cover that they supply all the necessary ingredients. So now for Bombay Duck, crab omelette or 'mutton with almonds and honey'!

New Novels

My Next Bride. By Kay Boyle. Faber. 7s. 6d.

As the Fool. By Francis Plunkett. Wishart. 7s. 6d.

Strange Journey. By Maud Cairnes. Cobden-Sanderson. 7s. 6d.

Reviewed by EDWIN MUIR

ONE cannot read Miss Kay Boyle without being aware that she is a writer of original talent. Her way of looking at things and describing them is continuously, almost stubbornly, individual. As an artist she makes no concessions, with her own knowledge, to the prejudices of the reading public. Consequently she is a writer whose work has to be treated with respect. Yet the final impression that one receives from this last novel of hers, as from its predecessors, is that it misses with the most scrupulous and painstaking ingenuity ordinary truths about human nature which are known to many people and are the basis of all good imaginary descriptions of life, however subtle these may be in their further implications. The people she describes in *My Next Bride* are drawn mainly from American Bohemian colonies in Paris. They are people trying their best to be extraordinary and even geniuses, and Miss Boyle portrays them with great skill, but in most cases at their face value, accepting them as they seem to be. She portrays them with sympathy if not with understanding, and this is probably what Mr. Geoffrey Faber means when he says in a note on the dust cover that 'the impression remaining in one's mind after the book is finished is of a Christ-like charity and pity, which makes all conventional judgments wear a shoddy look'. Miss Boyle's judgments are certainly never conventional in the ordinary sense, but neither are they simply human, that is judgments which could be applied to human beings as human beings, no matter whether they were conventional or unconventional in themselves. She produces a series of portraits of people busily dramatising themselves, who as human beings remain quite inexplicable. It is as if she were hypnotised by the faces they present to the world and had no choice but to present these faces exactly as they are, with an almost pious fidelity. But the faces are not real faces at all.

Victoria John, a penniless American girl trying to earn her living in Paris, is the chief figure in the story. She comes in contact first with the American dancer, prophet, poet and painter Sorrel, and for a time joins his artist colony. Sorrel is the most convincing character in the book; but that, one feels when one turns to Miss Boyle's other characters, is because the face he presents to the world is so naively unconvincing that not even an unconventional taste could swallow it. The description of his colony with its perpetual dirt and hypocrisy broken by bouts of sordid squabbling is the best thing in the book. But when Victoria meets Antony Lister, the rich young American artist and amateur, one does not know where one is. This is from the chapter in which he introduces himself to Victoria:

He said they had just come back from Egypt, and he turned out his pockets to show her the corners of sand still left in them.

'That's enough to bring back of a place', he said. The grains of it came out with his handkerchief and said hush across the papers on the table. 'It gives you the split hoof of a camel or whatever you want to remember. It's the first time I've walked up this side of the street. I always take the other. I believe in embassies, and always in the emissary of the soul. The patterns on these walls take the sight right out of the eye like an operation. My name's Antony', he said, his eyes escaping. 'I believe in bone'.

The only explanation one can think of for such a piece of dialogue from a writer of Miss Boyle's talent is that she must some time have met people who talked like that, and, being a scrupulous artist, had no alternative but to reproduce what she heard, accepting it as part of experience. She never judges, Mr. Faber says in praise of her; but here obviously was a case for judgment, and indeed it is hard to see how a novelist can describe any incident without forming an opinion about it. Instead of judging, Miss Boyle underlines everything consistently, the true and the false, the important and the unimportant alike, and tries to give her subject-matter significance in that way. When the underlining coincides with something true in the description she is clearly a writer of quite unusual originality; but this book shows that it can coincide with anything. Yet *My Next Bride* is so good where it is good that it will easily repay the exasperation of reading it.

The other two books in this list are first novels, both of much higher quality than the usual. *As the Fool* is a story of Ireland at the time when the Sinn Feiners and the Black and Tans were at war. Mr. Plunkett seems to have taken part in

that quarrel, and 'spent some time in Mountjoy Prison on account of his political activities', the dust cover tells us. He describes the fortunes of Charles Barrigo, a young Irishman who fought in the War and on his return to Ireland threw himself into the Sinn Fein movement. At his best Mr. Plunkett is an unusually vivid writer. The description of a country merry-making with which the book begins is excellently done and has a fine wit and freshness of observation and vigour of style. The party is held to celebrate the enlistment of two young men in 1914, and is described at some length presumably to give a picture of pre-War Ireland before the troubles began. Next we are shown Charles Barrigo returning four years later, still a soldier. He deserts and joins the Republicans. Along with a few followers he captures an English munition lorry. This exploit is finely related, without exaggeration and with great exactitude. But the most impressive part of the story is the account of the Black and Tan expedition of retaliation which was sent to the neighbourhood where the capture took place. Whether Mr. Plunkett is as impartial here as he is in other parts of his novel it is hard to say; some of the incidents seem too excessive, too coloured with purposeless malignity to be quite convincing. The actual events he describes may have happened, but one feels that he does not account fully enough for the motives that made them possible: fear is often the thing that drives people to commit wanton cruelties. But for the greater part of the book, when Mr. Plunkett is writing about people and scenes that he knows intimately, he gives the feeling of being both fair and sympathetic. He is never brutal for the sake of effect. He writes with as much pleasure about the peaceful life of the Irish peasants as about the shooting down of men and the burning of houses. He has a fresh interest in all the aspects of the life he describes that makes all the detail of his pictures fascinating and alive. There are one or two lapses, however, in this general level of excellence which are hard to account for. One is the description of Charles' love episode with Angela Davy, an innocent young Irish girl, which is inexplicably sentimental in the work of such an intelligent writer. His portraits of the Anglo-Irish gentry are excruciatingly bad in another style: the painstakingly facetious. But when he writes about the people he knows he is very good indeed.

Strange Journey is a serious fantasy. Polly Wilkinson, a pleasant but undistinguished suburban housewife, and Lady Elizabeth Forrester, a refined but unhappy aristocrat, find that they are forced every now and then by some psychological necessity to exchange their bodies and surroundings. A theme such as this could easily have degenerated into farce: the great virtue of Miss Cairnes' handling of it is that she actually tries to imagine fairly consistently how her two women would behave in each other's place, thus providing a handy and practical criticism of the mode of life of two social classes. The ordinary commonplaces of Polly's conversation become either facetious or ironical when she utters them as Lady Elizabeth; what is expected in the circle she knows is regarded as the wildest eccentricity in the one she is translated into; she is shocked, nonplussed, sometimes revolted, but manages to steer her way fairly safely by using her commonsense. The social criticism which Miss Cairnes conveys in this witty and delightful form is very often penetrating. Unfortunately, after carrying the fantasy through for two-thirds of the way with the greatest spirit and point, she allows it to collapse towards the end into complete inanity. Lady Elizabeth and Polly meet; they decide to control their transferences; Lady Elizabeth engineers a business promotion for Polly's husband; Polly straightens out Lady Elizabeth's matrimonial difficulties; wit and intelligence evaporate visibly from the characters and the story alike, and nothing is left but a conventional happy ending. It is a pity, for the style and temper of the story are admirable until this catastrophe occurs.

Mr. Muir also recommends: *The Shadow Before*, by William Rollins, Jr. (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.); *One Light Burning*, by R. C. Hutchinson (Cassell, 7s. 6d.); *Damnation of Mr. Zinkler*, by Graham Sutton (Cape, 7s. 6d.); and *The Wolves*, by Guy Mazeline (Lovat Dickson, 10s. 6d.).